THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1924

CONTENTS

A Week of the World 145
British Labor and Foreign Affairs — Press Gleanings from Russia — Latin Friendship and Friction — Minor Notes — Cartoons of the Week

A Chapter in Propaganda FROM THE RUSSIAN SECRET ARCHIVES 151
Raiding the French Peasant's Stocking

The Ingratiating Slavs . . . . . CLAUDIO TREVES 156
Comment on a Fascist-Bolshevist Entente

Oxford and the Labor Party . . . . GODFREY ELTON 159
DEAN OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE

Japan and California 165

Peru's Untenanted Well-Bottom . . . . GORDON INGLIS 168
A Study in Artless Lying

An Anatolian Pilgrimage . . . . . JOSEPH HANS LAZAR 172

The Vase from Shantung. *A Story* . . BODO WILLBERG 177

'The Galileo of Mares' Nests' . . . ROBERT GRAVES 180
Samuel Butler and His Books

Mah Jongg and the Idle Rich . . . . WILLIAM BOLITHO 184

A Page of Verse 186
The Cowlèd Ape, or Pretty Polly's Pride

Life, Letters, and the Arts 187
Errant Continents — Interviewing Sacha Guitry — Italian Art in Peru — Scents and Sensibility — The Virtues of Old Music — Discovering a Play by Chekhov

Books Abroad 191

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N.H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

PROPERTY OF
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

The latest exploit of those infernal Bolsheviki is an exposure of how the old Russian Government used to bribe the Paris press to say nice things about its securities. The names of the various characters are as bad as the cast of the Moscow Art Theatre, but the point of the article simply is that you can't believe everything you see in the papers.

* * *

Italy's ambitions in the Near East and Russia are not to be sniffed at, and it is interesting to hear what one of her native writers has to say about them. Russia has taken advantage of the opportunity to try to get recognized by Europe, but she has not many inducements to offer in an economic way.

* * *

It is not often that you can get an Englishman to speak unaffectedly of himself and his difficulties, but we seem to have caught Mr. Godfrey Elton off his guard. In the course of a discussion of Oxford and the Labor movement he goes into the defects of the English public schools to-day. His most striking remark is about the playing-fields 'where the Battle of Waterloo may have been won, but where the Battle of Loos was most certainly lost.'

* * *

Students of what is known as the art of life should read Mr. Graves's essay on Sam Butler. In five years the great Pre-Shavian made enough money in New Zealand to be able to spend the rest of his life shying rocks at his more pompous contemporaries. He had a great time doing it and we still like to hear the crash of the breaking glass.

* * *

'Peru's Untenanted Well-Bottom' is one of the most stirring titles that has adorned our cover page in years. In the article itself Mr. Inglis describes his personal experience with mendacity in Peru.

* * *

A railroad journey across Anatolia gives the traveler a good chance to size up the new Turkish Republic. Joseph Hans Lazar has made the trip recently and he tells what he saw inside the train and out.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 320—NUMBER 4151

JANUARY 26, 1924

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH LABOR AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE London *Outlook* thus comments upon the proposed American food credits to Germany apropos of the prospect that a Labor Cabinet will soon be managing Great Britain's foreign affairs: —

America proposes to grant food credits to Germans aggregating $70,000,000, and Berlin, to the great annoyance of M. Poincaré, has asked that these credits take priority over Reparations, not under Article 248 of the Versailles Treaty, but under Article 251. There is mighty significance in that little technicality. Under Article 248, the Reparations Commission is the judge of whether Germany's request should be granted or refused. And France controls the Reparations Commission because she can always dragoon Belgium, and if Britain and Italy vote the other way the French Chairman has a casting vote. But the Germans have discovered that Article 251 contains a proviso that just meets their present wishes, and those of Mr. MacDonald. It provides that Reparations take precedence over all other obligations of the German Empire, excepting that credits of food and raw material necessary to enable Germany to carry out Reparations may be granted priority over Reparations themselves by the Allied and Associated *Governments*.

Germany, in claiming that she must have food if she is to pay her debts, is thus within her Treaty rights in appealing not to the Reparations Commission but to the Governments direct. Mr. MacDonald may be trusted to make the most of this, and Sir John Bradbury explained the technical position to the next Premier at Lossiemouth. For how can the Governments concerned be expected to agree, without a conference at which the whole question of Reparations, involving the effect of French tactics in the Ruhr upon Germany's capacity to pay, is threshed out? Moreover, it is America who proposes to grant food credits, and who asks priority over Reparations for their repayment, so that if Mr. MacDonald demands a conference under Article 251, the United States can scarcely send Europe another 'observer.' She must be a full-fledged participant.

In fact, Labor's prospective foreign policy is stimulating lively conjectures throughout the British press. The *Outlook* conceives that this policy will embrace the following points: (1) formal recognition of Soviet Russia and that country's admission to the League of Nations; (2) a World Conference on Reparations, Reconstruction, Interallied Debts, and the Ruhr, as recommended by General Smuts, to be held with or without the participation of France; (3) a request to the United States to follow up the Washington Naval Conference by another international meeting to discuss limitation of land and air forces, accompanied by an abandonment by Great Britain

Copyright 1924, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the proposed Singapore naval base; (4) support for Germany's admission to the League of Nations with a seat on the Council; (5) measures to strengthen the Assembly of the League of Nations by making it less a diplomatic and more a popular representative body; (6) the appointment of prominent Radical and Labor statesmen and intellectuals to Embassy vacancies at Washington, Paris, and Berlin, and generally reconstituting the diplomatic service by the addition of new personnel. Among the minor features of this policy will be closer coöperation with the United States to suppress bootlegging.

The *New Statesman* cites a booklet entitled *The Foreign Policy of the Labor Party*, published by Ramsay MacDonald a few weeks before the election, in support of its argument that a Labor Cabinet will not attempt to upset all precedents of British foreign policy. It will advocate recognizing Russia, not because the Labor Party is Bolshevist, which it is not, but as a matter of diplomatic common-sense. It will pick no quarrels with France, but will oppose resolutely Poincaré's policies so far as they tend to keep Germany demoralized and helpless. It will not be pro-German but pro-European. It will recognize that the coöperation of America in European affairs is imperative, and will shape its policies so as to encourage that coöperation to the largest extent possible. Great Britain need not fear that the Labor Party will wreck the army, navy, and air force. 'The majority of the Party are doubtless pacifists, but they do not dwell in cloudcuckooland.' In conclusion the *New Statesman* says: —

> For ourselves, we have only one serious anxiety in regard to the Labor Party's foreign policy, and that is about the man who is to direct it. Names have been bandied about during the last week or two — the names of admirable men, unfitted for the post of Foreign Secretary. We do not suppose that Mr. MacDonald pays any attention to this journalistic sport, and obviously he will keep his own counsel. But we hope he has already decided that the one person for this supremely important office is himself.

A capital levy, which Labor's opponents joyfully seized upon as a bogey to frighten electors during the campaign, appears temporarily to have lost its hold on public interest. But Mr. Massey, the New Zealand Premier, brought out a new angle of Labor politics in relation to the Empire, at the time of his departure from Great Britain, that is likely to play some part in future political debates. He said in effect that if any Labor or Liberal Government failed to continue Mr. Baldwin's preëlection policy of Imperial preference it 'would be a slap in the face to British sentiment throughout the Empire,' and 'the harm that it would do would last for many a long day.' The *Manchester Guardian* promptly resented what it interpreted as a presumptuous attempt of a Dominion official to dictate policies to the mother country. It called Mr. Massey's pronouncement 'a surprising, false step . . . unpleasantly like a demand,' and asked what New Zealand would reply to a similar demand by an Imperial Premier that its Parliament adopt Free Trade.

The *Times* took a calmer view of the incident, and pointed out that the same uneasiness, for the fate of the resolutions of the Imperial Conference advocating closer tariff arrangements within the Empire, is shared by General Smuts, who expressed himself in the same sense as Mr. Massey at a recent speech in Johannesburg. While it does not criticize General Smuts and Mr. Massey for their fears, however, it believes there is no substance to their alarms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESS GLEANINGS FROM RUSSIA

ARTHUR RANSOME, the Moscow correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, reports that the Russian rulers are now debating party problems rather than problems of Government policy, upon which something resembling a provisional agreement seems to have been reached. The result is that while *Isvestia*, the Government organ, is as dull and routinary as the average official gazette, *Pravda*, the Communist Party organ, sparkles with interesting debates — interesting at least to readers immersed in Communist thought.

The rank and file of the Party are inclined to criticize the Central Committee, very much, to quote this informant, as young artists criticize the powers that be in the Royal Academy. Lenin's influence is no longer a unifying force. The Party, after its last purging, is reduced to less than 400,000 members. It will presently throw open its doors so as to double its membership, taking care that the new recruits come only from actual workers. The New Economic Policy is building up a new bourgeoisie, which otherwise threatens to control the organization. Furthermore, an undue proportion of the Party as at present constituted consists of bureaucrats rather than operatives and wage-earners or manual workers. This must be corrected if the Party is to maintain its influence.

The Soviet journal, *Pravda*, complains that forty-nine out of the ninety-nine nationalities represented in the Communist Party practically exclude women from their membership. These Oriental tribes will hear nothing of women's rights and class all women who agitate for political equality with men as disreputable persons. Meanwhile, other nationalities in Russia recognize women as in every respect the social and political compeers of their masculine comrades. All this is apropos of a recent vote of the Communist women in Tashkent against the abolition of polygamy.

A Riga correspondent of the London *Times* describes the efforts of the Soviet Government to build up a new legal and judicial system after the almost utter obliteration of the civil and criminal codes and courts of the Tsarist régime. The new system consists of three principal tribunals for civil cases: the People's Court, the Provincial Court, and the Supreme Court. In addition to a judge learned in the law, two 'people's assessors' sit on the bench, who act not merely in an advisory capacity, but take part in the decisions of the court. A number of other innovations, some of them rather heterodox, have also been adopted. One provision makes judicial decisions depend on the general policy of the Government. This takes the place of what was formerly termed 'revolutionary conscience,' and affords ample latitude for enforcing class distinctions between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie in court decisions. The public prosecutor or attorney-general may stop court proceedings at any stage if he considers this in the interest of the State or the working classes; or, in extreme instances, he may even revoke the decision of the court.

According to reports in the Russian émigré press the universities in Russia are now hotbeds of agitation against the Soviet Government, as they were centres of conspiracy against the Tsar's Government before the Revolution. The battle cry to-day is 'Democracy,' not 'Socialism.' Student agitators publish a clandestine journal called *Stremlenie*, which is trying to rally students throughout Russia to work for truly democratic institutions. As in the Tsar's time, the intellectuals are urged to go out among the people — the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peasants and the workers — to preach this creed.

Considerable use is made of popular subscriptions to raise funds for various public objects in Soviet Russia. Instead of pitting teams against each other in these campaigns for money, groups of contributors pool their contributions and advertise the sum that they are giving in the press, challenging certain other people, whose names are specified, to subscribe an equal amount. Such challenges sometimes fill whole columns in *Pravda*.

Ivan Vladimirovich Michurin, the Russian Burbank, whom botanists from all the world visited before the war, continued his experimental work at Kozlov until the present year, when he is reported to have found it necessary to discontinue his scientific labors and seek private employment. The Soviet Government, according to its own official journal, *Isvestia*, had failed to provide money to carry on his work. Among his last pomological achievements was a pear so intensely sweet that he named it 'Substitute Sugar.'

Among the recent mineral discoveries reported from Soviet Russia are a rich deposit of radioactive ore in Fergana, Turkestan, and what promises to be a very important field of magnetic iron ore in the Government of Kursk. The latter field is indicated by a violent deviation of the magnetic needle along two parallel zones about thirty-six miles apart and over a hundred miles long. In some places, for instance near Shchigry, the attraction is so powerful that the needle stands vertical. Indeed, it is more strongly affected than in the immediate vicinity of the magnetic pole.

Recent borings have resulted in a peculiar phenomenon. The drills used were so highly magnetized that when they were removed from a depth of thirty or forty feet they would hold suspended a one-pound weight, and after reaching a depth of four hundred and twenty-five feet they would hold seventy pounds.

*

LATIN FRIENDSHIP AND FRICTION

Echoes of the Spanish royal visit to Rome are still audible everywhere in Europe. The exaltation of Italian opinion is illustrated by the following paragraph from *Rassegna Italiana*, a review of first weight among Italian publications: —

> Europe is living to-day in an epoch that demands readiness for action, informed intelligence, prepared hearts, and minds intent on imminent and inexorable crisis. The most tremendous events of our epoch have perchance not yet occurred. The coasts of the Mediterranean, the gorges of the Alps, the banks of the Rhine, the steppes of Russia, the wild mountains of the Balkans, may be the scene of these events. National passion, imperial aspiration, inflexible resistance, are paving the way for them.
>
> When a nation is on the eve of its supreme hour, Providence often sends it a genius who takes its destinies in his strong hand, and in its name throws down the gage of battle. The appearance of a great national and political genius like Benito Mussolini in these critical times is not a mere accident. Italy and Spain — Silence! Listen to the footsteps of history audible in our halls of State, echoing to the far firmament of the fatherland with their portentous prophecies.

An article in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, by a contributor who writes without a headline but presumably from Rome, makes much of the complete reversal of popular sentiment in Italy since the Corfu incident. At that time the whole country was cursing England and lauding France. Now it is doing just the opposite. After noting this, the writer continues: —

> Not enough attention has been given to the remarks that Italy's royal visitor let

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drop concerning South America, and Italian comment upon them. There lies what is perhaps the first germ of dissension between Italy and Spain. Italy's claim to an equal footing in the exploitation of South America, and its Pan-Latin and therefore anti-Yankee programme, are likely to prove a fruitful source of friction. It is hardly necessary to add that the South American republics themselves are not likely to feel flattered by this unceremonious way of regarding them as Hispano-Italian colonies, with Italy the principal partner in the controlling alliance.

Journal des Débats comments as follows: —

So far as France is concerned, we are sorry to observe that the visit of Alfonso XIII has been seized upon by the Italian Government to inaugurate a veritable offensive against us. Our neighbors are trying their best to humiliate France in order to exalt Italy. In their opinion we must have a new balance of power in the Mediterranean. The world is tired of the bickering between the French and the Germans and the French and the British; and a great destiny is in store for the Power that, with the prestige of a successful war and ambition to maintain that prestige in times of peace, will be able to inspire respect without arousing the suspicion of coveting a tyrant's privileges.

MINOR NOTES

RHINELAND Separatist leaders have fallen out among themselves, or rather, their chronic discord has assumed a more aggravated form. *Journal des Débats* comments as follows: —

We note with regret but without surprise that the leaders of the Rhineland movement are in complete disagreement. To tell the truth, they have never been in agreement. From the first they have been completely at variance, both on fundamental issues and on questions of personnel. They waver between independence and autonomy. They shift their ground with every wind. Their followers are restless. Matthes and Metzen, the militant Separatist leaders of Düsseldorf, have had a violent break with Doctor Dorten, the Wiesbaden pioneer of secession; and the so-called Rhineland Republic is a more shadowy and precarious organization than ever as a consequence.

This journal, which represents French industrial interests, apparently considers Rhenish autonomy a bad bet in Reparations politics. It adds: —

Let us stick to realities. Let us profit by the favorable disposition that the Rhenish industrialists are now showing — not because they desire to be agreeable, but because they are convinced that they must come to an understanding with us. The mine-managers have concluded an arrangement with the miners for a longer working-day and the payment of wages in gold marks. Factories are resuming operation. The railways are running better. Employees will soon have enough remunerative work to keep them from food rioting.

THE Paris papers were preoccupied early in December with the mysterious suicide of Philip Daudet, the fifteen-year-old son of Léon Daudet, the well-known Royalist writer, editor, and deputy, concerning which we had telegraphic information in this country. It will be recalled that the boy's father is the most prominent champion of monarchy, Clericalism, and the old régime in France — probably the most prolific knight of the pen defending these ideals in Europe. His son, who was unusually mature for his age, appears to have been an example of those strange emotional reactions that not unfrequently occur in successive generations of the same family. In any case, he is reported to have become an anarchist, and probably in a fit of mental aberration — for he was subject to such attacks — to have taken his own life. However, the father refused to accept this version of his son's death, and attributed it to an anarchist plot. A judicial investigation, though it apparently did not tend

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to confirm the father's suspicions, failed to elucidate the mystery.

A strange and tragic drama of genius indeed! Alphonse Daudet — an incomparable humorist and literary artist, a creator of characters who will be immortal in French letters; his son — a stormy petrel in French politics, a devotee of the romance, mysticism, and also of the obscurantism, of the past; and his grandson — struggling with a discordant heredity that made him its victim on the very threshold of life!

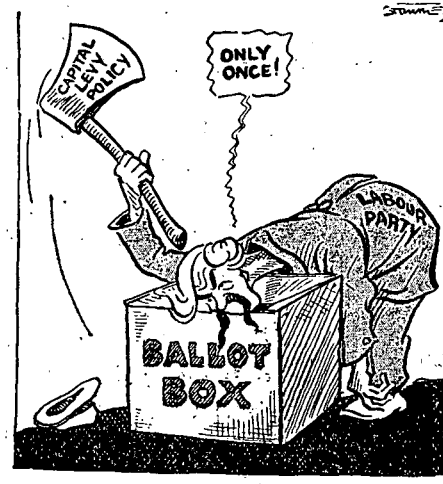
✦

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

THE passage in President Coolidge's Message to Congress with regard to our European policy inspired the following cartoon in Amsterdam *Uiltje's Weekblad:* —

DR. JOHN BULL: *'Well?'*
DR. COOLIDGE: *'Rest! Rest! And for a time an American goldbracer daily!'*

British cartoonists featured the Capital Levy as soon as a Labor victory seemed imminent. The London *Daily Express* presented this version of the issue while the campaign was still in progress: —



RAMSAY MACDONALD: *'We are only going to apply it once.'*

The Liberal London *Evening News* tried to intimidate the British voter with this threat of danger: —

"WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CHAPTER IN PROPAGANDA

[*The Bolsheviki, unrestrained by the considerations of political good form and expediency that enjoin reticence upon other Governments, have published with much éclat a series of sensational documents taken from the confidential archives of the Tsarist Government. Several of these, relating to the subsidies of the French press before the war, have just been published in the Paris Communist daily,* L'Humanité. *We print extracts from these letters below, merely cautioning our readers that, while they are presumably authentic, they could doubtless be duplicated in connection with the press of several other countries. The payments were made to induce the French people to subscribe to the Russian loans — in which they lost so grievously after the Revolution — at the time of Russia's war with Japan and subsequently.*]

From *L'Humanité, December* 5–14
(Paris Official Communist Daily)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Kokovtzev: Prime Minister of Russia
Sazonov: Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs
Isvolskii: Russian Ambassador at Paris
Davidov: Chief of the Loan Division of the Russian Treasury
Raffalovitch: Secret Adviser of the Russian Ministry of Finance at Paris

I

Letter from Raffalovitch to Kokovtzev, dated Paris, August 30, 1904. — 'I have the honor to inform Your Excellency of the arrangement I have made for the French press. I have been careful to consult for this combination M. Hottinguer and M. Chevrand, Director of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, who are in full agreement with me. If it was necessary to continue making sacrifices to assure the tranquillity of the press, it was indispensable to limit these sacrifices, and, after continuing for another month on the former scale of one hundred thousand francs, to reduce our subsequent expenses. Here is the arrangement agreed upon: next month one hundred thousand francs, but in reality it will cover six weeks, from the first of September to the fifteenth of October. Our previous payments have run from the fifteenth to the fifteenth. For the following months only fifty thousand francs will be appropriated. This will take us to the end of January. . . .

'During the first ten months the abominable venality of the French press will have absorbed — besides advertising expenses for our loan of eight hundred millions — the sum of six hundred thousand francs, of which the bankers have furnished one half. There have been charged to us three months at 66,666 francs a month, during which the bankers have expended monthly 33,334 francs. Furthermore, one hundred thousand francs for the months from the fifteenth of June . . . to the first of October are at our cost.

'The intermediary recommended to me last February was M. Lenoir, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, who receives 10 per cent commission for his pains. . .

'We have spent 48,250 francs on political papers; 13,300 francs have been paid for personal assistance — that is to say, to the secretaries of editorial departments, financial editors, and managing editors; 15,000 francs have been paid to the country press and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their agencies, and 14,500 francs to financial journals.

'We have deposited the money at the end of each month through the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas with the Crédit Algérien, upon whom our agent has drawn his checks. A few men have insisted on being paid cash in hand.

'Since neither the Russian Government nor the agent of the Minister of Finance could appear in the transaction, payments have been made as if they still came from the banking syndicate.

'We have expended this money to support Russian credit. It is also softening the systematic attacks upon the Russian Government in general without stopping them entirely. If we should hereafter have communications to make through the press, we ought to take advantage of the fact that we exercise a certain influence over it. . . .'

II

Extract from a letter from Raffalovitch to Kokovtzev, dated Paris, April 3, 1905. — 'The managing editor of *Figaro*, Calmette, and Berthoulat of *La Liberté*, are to receive, on April 15, the former three thousand francs and the latter an addition to what he has already collected. I have been cautious not to tell that Berthoulat — who, let me say in parenthesis, is a Deputy, and is committing an act that would forfeit his position — received only one thousand francs.'

III

From an undated letter from Raffalovitch to Kokovtzev. — 'M. Henri Noussane, who has resumed control of the newspaper, *Gil Blas*, from Perivier and Ollendorf, came to see me. He is a professional journalist who has to his credit the escape of Princess Louise, the daughter of Leopold II, and an anti-German campaign in Poland. He has left *L'Écho de Paris*, where he was head of the political department, to take charge of *Gil Blas* with eight hundred thousand francs supplied by a notary of Paris — he represents the Left Wing of the Conservatives with a Catholic leaning. The head of his financial department is to be Pierre de Marousem, for twenty-three years Professor in the Faculty of Law, who organized the Banco di Roma at Paris for the Pope. Evidently M. Noussane came to bring pressure to bear upon me. I was very amiable, but pretended not to understand what he had in the back of his mind.

'He told me he had succeeded in discovering the whole plan of campaign of the Cadets and the Finns to undermine Russian credit, that this time it would not be the Socialists alone who would attack us in the press and in Parliament, but that they had secured lists of the clients of the Crédit Lyonnais and would send circular letters to them at their homes and inaugurate a series of meetings hostile to Russia, where they would appear as defenders of the financial interests of France.

'I answered that Finot had tried it and had failed. "Yes, but he was a single man, reputed to be a renegade Jew. It would be much worse if the blow came from another side, from the more Conservative side," answered Noussane. . . . He told me that he had brought the big department stores to their knees by refusing to accept their advertisements at the former price. He made it appear that some of the big banks were in danger. . . . He also spoke of a Scandinavian publication that is conducting propaganda against the Russians and the Germans. Toward the end of the conversation he said: "You will have to borrow to pay your coupons. You always need money."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'"By no means. We are confident that in 1910 we shall be able to balance our ordinary and extraordinary budget so nearly that any margin will be easily made up in Russia." . . . He said when he left me: "I see you are not worried. One must always affect this attitude." He will certainly return, and I shall be very agreeable to him.'

Letters of subsequent date are published describing later negotiations between the representatives of *Gil Blas* and the Russian financial agent.

IV

The next selection from the correspondence is a letter addressed by Raffalovitch to his superiors, dated Paris, March 5, 1908: —

'I have the honor to send Your Excellency some clippings from the newspapers concerning the row about the Russian loan. First a paragraph from *L'Action*, a Socialist journal that pretends to be close to M. Caillaux. The writer affects an official position that he does not possess. Since it contains malicious insinuations regarding Your Excellency's policy toward the industrial and commercial interests of France, I called upon the Minister of Finance.

'M. Caillaux informed me that he had no connection whatever with this journal. He told Berenger some time since that he would have nothing to do with the loan. . . . I laid stress upon the bad impression the article endeavored to produce, characterizing it as an effort to blackmail Russia by advertising the bad conditions there, and the precarious state of the Treasury. I also brought the article to the attention of the Ambassador, so that he might mention it if he thought wise to M. Pichon. Last of all, I was present at a meeting with Noetzlin, Bénac, and Lenoir, who issued an explicit denial over the name of Noetzlin through the Havas Agency. . . . Berenger is a notorious blackmailer who tried to sell photographs of papers relating to a torpedo-boat deal to the Rothschilds.'

V

Going back a bit, for the letters published in successive issues of *L'Humanité* are not in chronological order, we come to the following extract from a letter written by Raffalovitch to the Minister dated April 29, 1905:—

'*Le Matin*, which is decidedly the most contemptible and bizarre newspaper there is, did something day before yesterday to provoke a happy and audacious raid on the Stock Exchange. It published an alarming dispatch professing to be official, printed in great headlines, concerning the relations between France and Germany. M. Rouvier was furious, for it caused French securities to decline 0.65 points. Official denials rained in from every direction, and the press has been unanimous in condemning *Le Matin*. . . . Verneuil is a close friend of Bunau-Varilla, whom he fears as a blackmailer.'

In a letter to the Minister written a few weeks before, Raffalovitch had said: 'According to Verneuil, we must bring great pressure to bear upon the political departments of the newspapers, and print telegrams reassuring the public as to Russia's solvency and the unlikelihood of a revolution. The cost of this for the next year would be between two and three million francs. He has big ideas. In February 1904 he demanded 1,200,000 francs.

'The Ambassador agress with me that it is desirable to have Verneuil consent to take charge of our defensive propaganda. . . . We must at all costs avoid unmasking the Russian Government, for that would incite insatiable appetites and make us objects of ridicule and aversion.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VI

On May 11, 1906, Raffalovitch wrote to the Minister that Brégand, the financial editor of *Le Matin*, had written him the previous day as follows: —

I am going to have two articles a month for six months to prepare for *Le Matin* to fulfill our obligations under our monthly subsidy. In the two articles that I have already published to justify the price of the Russian loan, I have used up all the material in my possession. I will be very much obliged if you will provide me with documents, volumes, or reports on Russia, or good lists of quotations in your security market for 1906. I will get from them the material I need for my articles.

A note among the Russian Embassy papers, signed Bellegarde and dated January 23, 1906, enumerates under various headings the amount expended by the Russian Government for subventions to the French press during 1904 and 1905. These sums were respectively 935,785 francs and 2,014,161 francs.

VII

Approaching the eve of the war there is the following letter from Raffalovitch to Kokovtzev, dated April 23, 1912: —

'I have just received a visit from M. Leven, Secretary-General of *Le Radical*, the organ of the Radical-Socialist Party, which is owned by M. Perchot, at present a Senator. Perchot had written me soliciting advertisements and I transmitted his letter, which received a refusal. His representative began by addressing the Embassy, who sent him to me. I then advised him to make his request in writing over Perchot's signature. I told myself that if the latter ever undertook to attack Russia we should have the letter on him. Later I had the call from M. Leven, who came to learn the result. I told him: "Unfortunately they write me from St. Petersburg that the credit for floating the public loan voted by the Duma and available for purchasing advertising space is not elastic."

'"The Duma decides how the advertising is allotted?"

'"Oh no, but it votes a lump sum, and it has become the custom to expend it in certain channels. . . ." Leven asked me if there was not other money at my disposal in addition to the appropriation for advertisements. I replied: "Not a centime, so far as I know."' . . .

In November *Le Radical* began to attack Poincaré, and indirectly Russia, so bitterly that Isvolskii telegraphed Sazonov concerning it. Thereupon Raffalovitch wrote to Kokovtzev on November 6, 1912: 'Poincaré is greatly concerned over the articles that that canaille Perchot has published in *Le Radical* under the title *Feuilles libres*, covertly attacking Russia. Isvolskii informs me that he has telegraphed regarding this. I am to see Perchot Thursday. I shall give him a hot reception. We need show no tenderness to these master blackmailers. However, on the other hand, there are reasons for placating him.'

However, Perchot continued to make trouble and Isvolskii felt called upon to telegraph St. Petersburg two days later: 'Don't forget that Poincaré is fighting powerful elements in his own Party who are in a way very hostile toward Russia and are openly proclaiming that France should not, under any circumstances, be dragged into a war over a Balkan dispute. In this connection I am very sorry that up to the present nothing has been done concerning Perchot, who continues to cause Poincaré much worry.'

VIII

Another angle of foreign press subvention is disclosed by an earlier letter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Raffalovitch to Kokovtzev on March 22, 1905, from which we quote the following: '*Le Petit Journal* and *Le Petit Parisien*, each of which has received thirty thousand francs a month from the Boers, — Roels was the intermediary, — wish fifteen thousand francs from Russia. I have refused absolutely to pay this. Dumont has capitulated for thirty-two thousand francs in place of sixty-two thousand francs. I did not suppose that the journal of Dupuy, *Le Petit Parisien*, was so venal.'

In June of the same year Raffalovitch inquired in a letter to the Minister: 'Do you wish me to attempt to reduce our political subventions, leaving as they are our personal checks?'

Davidov likewise wrote to Kokovtzev on January 23, 1906: 'I have the honor to submit to Your Excellency a note concerning the expenses of the Loan Division of the Treasury for subsidizing the press. The sums indicated do not include the amount for advertising our loans, since these prices enter into the cost of floating the loans arranged with the bankers and are not mentioned in the contract. So far as I know, that sum has amounted, in case of each flotation, to 1,500,000 francs, of which the greater part is not expended for the object indicated, but remains in the hands of the bankers for secretly subsidizing editors and those close to them.'

IX

Among the old letters fished out of the archives is one from M. de Verneuil, the Manager of the Stockbroker's Association, and addressed to Count Witte when he was Premier, which contains the following illuminating comment upon certain phases of public propaganda: 'Don't talk to me of your opinion of the press and the rôle that it plays in these matters. The situation does not call for a lecture on ethics. All that we may say will not change the situation. The press exists, and it is not in your power to suppress it. It has a definite influence, more definite when events are not in your favor. It is a force you are not entitled to neglect. It will make itself felt if you do not take it into account.'

One of the earliest documents in the series from which we are quoting is a telegram from Raffalovitch to the Minister of Finance, dated November 4, 1905, conveying the information that the Paris press intended to attack the coming Russian loan, and stating that forty-five or fifty thousand francs additional, distributed on December 1 to *Le Temps*, *Le Petit Parisien*, *Le Journal*, *Figaro*, *Gaulois*, three other papers not mentioned by name, and the Havas Agency, would stop the campaign.

In the autumn of 1906, according to a letter from Raffalovitch to the Minister, M. Arthur Meyer of *Gaulois* called to discuss the press subsidy: 'He insists that all the newspapers are complaining of the stinginess of the Russian Government, and letting it be understood that they have not received the money that that Government appropriated to purchase their support.' Apparently in reply to the insinuation that the money originally intended for this object had stuck to the fingers of certain intermediaries, Raffalovitch declared: 'We have at St. Petersburg the cancelled checks of all who took money.'

Raffalovitch wrote again to the Minister about the same time: 'I have drawn about eleven thousand francs against the balance of the Russian publicity fund which the banks raised about a year ago, in order to make an arrangement for three months with the Havas Agency. I have reached an agreement to pay three thousand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

francs additional a month and hope that it will cause, as far as possible, a certain softening down of the bad news (that is, of the Russo-Japanese War) that has hitherto found its way into the columns of the Havas Agency and its subscribers. In addition, I have had five hundred francs each allotted to *Le Temps*, *La Liberté*, and *La Patrie* in order to secure more favorable comment upon the *rescrit* this evening.'

The same correspondent wrote on March 9, 1905, that he had drawn 4950 francs 'first for the Havas Agency, second for favorable articles upon the rescript of the Minister of the Interior in certain journals. One thousand francs were given to Manouilov to be presented to Hebrard, editor of *Le Temps*, in order to influence him.'

On the eleventh of the following July he wrote: 'Having found it important to terminate the covert attacks of *Le Temps*, I have given instructions to reach an agreement, which has been concluded on a basis of three thousand francs more.' Again, on October 5, 1906, Raffalovitch wrote the Minister complaining of an article published in *Le Temps*, and adding: 'This is not the first piece of treachery by *Le Temps*, which has collected one hundred thousand francs from the bankers' syndicate in connection with the 1906 loan.' Whether this was treachery or editorial independence it of course remains for the reader to decide.

These selections by no means exhaust the extracts from these letters printed in *L'Humanité*, and the letters published are but a small part of the whole correspondence. It should be added that not all French papers sold their influence to promote the flotation of the Russian loans in France that have subsequently proved so disastrous to the investors. *Journal des Débats* is expressly mentioned as an honorable exception, and the Socialist press — perhaps because it was not sufficiently courted — appears to come out of the scandal with clean hands.

THE INGRATIATING SLAVS

BY CLAUDIO TREVES

From *Critica Sociale, December* 15
(Milan Conservative Socialist Semimonthly)

Italy professes complete friendship and understanding with the Federal Republic of Soviet Russia. Some may exclaim: 'At last!' We are negotiating a regular treaty of commerce with that country. Mussolini has let it be known that no unsurmountable obstacle prevents the formal recognition of the Russian Government. Hallelujah! Our foreign policy aims to acquire a starting-point for our expansion in the East, for political rather than economic expansion.

We do not believe in the Russian Pactolus. We do not even think that Russia can supply the grain that we have hitherto imported from North America. The Revolution has taught the Russian peasants to eat their own crops instead of sending them abroad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as they were forced to do in the days of the great estates. Despite all the Moscow Exposition agricultural machinery just exhibited at Moscow, we do not expect the farms of Russia to produce in the near future a surplus for exportation. According to a report of the Commissar of Agriculture, the area under cultivation has declined from a hundred and thirty million acres in 1913 to seventy-five million acres in 1922. The cessation of forced labor and forced requisitions, upon which the Moscow Communists supported themselves so long, will certainly encourage production. Intensive propaganda among the peasants may eventually do the rest. But that will not better materially the present situation.

Nor are conditions more promising in manufacturing. According to the figures of the Head of the Central Statistical Bureau, Popov, the total value of Russia's manufactures in 1922 was only 16 per cent of their value in 1912. Many factories have ceased operation. Many operatives have returned to the country to take up land. The New Economic Policy has not greatly aided industry because raw materials are lacking, machinery has deteriorated, and the cost of production is higher at home than abroad. There is a constant disequilibrium between agriculture and manufacture. Farmers are obliged to sell their produce cheap, while the price of factory products has risen enormously. The New Economic Policy, which is a version of the old pre-war policy, with the restoration of private property, freedom of trade, gold currency, and a State Bank, is certainly bettering general conditions. But this new capitalism has to deal with workers filled with a new spirit of self-assertion, who claim the bourgeois right to organize and strike, until recently denied them under the military régime of true Communism.

We do not believe in the Russian Pactolus, and repeat that the commercial treaty between Italy and Russia, with its proposed formal recognition of the Federative Soviet Republic, is a political rather than an economic measure. . . .

The truth is that the Russian Government is seeking political recognition and is willing to pay for it with liberal economic concessions. Bolshevism is inexorably compelled to pay heavily for every gain that strengthens its political position. It is ready to put Russia in pawn in order to ensure its own lease of power. Just as Bolshevism has repudiated the military Communism of two years ago, so it is now repudiating its policy of carrying Revolution, sword in hand, to Western Europe. It is seeking to establish normal relations with other Governments, and does this with the most assurance in case of Governments with which it feels an affinity.

Such an affinity, as spontaneous as it is marvelous, does exist between Bolshevism and Fascism. It is due to psychological sympathy begotten of identity of methods. When Mussolini tries to show that liberty is not necessary for governing a nation, he does not hesitate to appeal to Russia. When Iordanskii came to Rome as head of the Russian mission, his homage to Fascism was possibly more discreet than that of Primo de Rivera, but not what would be expected of the ritual reserve of a diplomat in discussing the domestic policy of the State to which he was accredited.

He would be naïve indeed, who was really surprised at this. Only the last laggards of Nationalist reaction still cling to Clemenceau's idea of a barbed-wire barrier around Soviet Russia; and only the last laggards of the Communist Revolution still cling to the idea of that country's revolutionary mission. These extremists of opposite poles continue to be obsessed by the after-war

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phantom of an Entente of the victors facing an Entente of the vanquished and oppressed enrolling under its standard Germans, Slavs, and Turks. They are blind to the transformations that have already dissipated that phantom. The Entente no longer exists. Russia is halted at Riga. Turkey has come back to Europe with the victory of Lausanne. Germany is shattered and disrupted by the French occupation of the Ruhr. Italy, shaking off her vassalage to France, is freely pursuing her destiny to the eastward. And Russia, eager to reënter Europe, courts Italy as the most neutral Power of the former hostile coalition, and plans to make her friendship the first step toward recognition by other Governments.

A happy harmony of motives! At Moscow and at Rome men think and talk the same regarding — the League of Nations. Mussolini has just reminded us that the Russian press — that true expression of the sentiment of the Government, for no other press is allowed — was the only one to take Italy's side at the time of the Corfu incident. The two Governments are cordially clasping hands because they are in a similar situation both at home and abroad. Lenin helps Mussolini and Mussolini helps Lenin. A reciprocity by no means sterile!

So psychological motives quite different, even diametrically opposite, have brought both countries to the same destination. They are adopting a policy we have advocated ever since it was necessary to swear by the Treaty of Versailles, with all its hatreds and rancors, unless one wished to be rated an anarchist and a defeatist. At last Mussolini has discovered that Italy cannot pocket herself in the Adriatic, that she must escape the Yugoslav parenthesis and sail forth boldly to Odessa. The responsible statesmen, whose eagerness to dispose of the Fiume question and placate Yugoslavia in order to make that country a bridge to the Eastern Balkans but recently made them objects of abuse for every Nationalist demagogue, may feel that they are vindicated at last. . . .

History obeys the forces that act upon it, and often pursues a course exactly contrary to that designed by the puppets who fancy they hold the helm of destiny in their hands, although they are but its playthings. Paradoxes thrive in public places. The men who will write the page in the annals recording the resumption of official relations between Italy and Russia are the very men who paved their path to power with far-trumpeted intentions to fight Bolshevism to the death. But beneath this apparent contradiction there lies deeper harmony. When destiny bids, the hand raised to destroy extends instead to help. Fascism has afforded several such surprises. It has adopted not a few planks of the Socialism it pronounced 'dead and buried.' Its peculiar trades-unionism, designed to end the class struggle, has merely accentuated that struggle. Its intractable nationalism at the first chill of national isolation hastens to endorse a policy of international understanding.

The last session of Parliament began and ended by approving a series of commercial treaties, every one of which is primarily political in its aims. To those already ratified, with Switzerland, Canada, and Austria, are now to be added those with Spain and Russia. Some imperialistic hothead may still prate at intervals about 'Italy alone against the world'; but the practical necessities of politics have speedily taught us that certain mutual concessions are demanded of a country like our own, bottled up as she is in the middle of the Mediterranean, without raw materials. Life sways idealism. Thus it has been and thus it will be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until our politics are governed by laws more powerful than the will of the individual. The life of the people is stronger than the caprice of a dictator. Bolshevism has become Fascism, and Fascism — Bolshevism. When Mussolini initiated his new policy of friendliness toward Russia, the applause was on the extreme Right, the approval — on the extreme Left.

OXFORD AND THE LABOR PARTY

BY GODFREY ELTON

From the *Empire Review, December*
(London Public-Affairs Monthly)

In the old days before the war, the Labor Party confined itself to workers by hand, and the Oxford undergraduate knew it not. There was some vague sympathy, tempered by humorous speculation as to the headgear of Labor Members of Parliament. Beyond this, nothing. The Labor Party was a political phenomenon of some interest, but it seemed to bear no relation to Oxford. Critics of an acquisitive society would vow themselves Socialists, but they were not politicians. Their sympathies went to the strikers; they speculated and discussed, but practical politics seemed to have no place for them.

These were the days of the Fabians. Several colleges, more or less unsuspectingly, cherished Fabian groups in their respectable bosoms; Balliol particularly. They were active enough, these groups, but their members were not many, and they were avowedly students. By-elections and Parliamentary debates left them, for the most part, cold. They discussed a remote ideal which, when they left Oxford, it would certainly not be their business to promote. Of such as survive, a high proportion are, no doubt, now Conservatives of the utmost orthodoxy. There was, in those days, at least one Socialist President of the Union — an efficient Liberal candidate in the election of 1922 — and, of course, there was Sidney Ball, Fellow of St. John's, and a Socialist and idealist well-known and influential. But the time for practical Labor politics at Oxford was not yet. The war changed all that.

The Oxford of 1914 was swept wholeheartedly into the war with an idealism which it hurts to remember now. In that brief and splendid enthusiasm it seemed for a moment that England was one, our rulers wise and single-hearted, and our people faced with a high and unquestionable duty. No rich or well-connected young men sought staff jobs in those days. Why, we could even believe that somehow the officers of the old army had had brains and mental alertness knocked into them since we had known them at close quarters in the army classes of our public schools. The dear illusions died slowly.

Some hundreds of survivors came to Oxford in 1919 and 1920, but only a few scores of those who had been there in 1914. These were men somewhere between twenty and twenty-six, who had seen war at close quarters and had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learned there, for the most part, a stern discipline, combined with a profound mistrust of authority. These men were not going to be Fabians.

Two far-reaching changes had altogether altered the attitude of many of these men to the Labor Party. The first was the sundering spiritual gulf between those men and the boys of the old days before 1914. The men who came back to Oxford after the war had seen the governing classes put to the test with their own eyes, and too often they had seen them fail. In old days, the undergraduate had no cause, save natural cussedness, to question the way in which the world beyond his own university was organized and governed. Things just were so, he imagined. He was safe. But these men had not been safe. They knew that their own lives had often been needlessly risked, and the lives of dear friends needlessly lost, because they had had for superior officers men of the old army who had played polo when they might have been studying their profession. Continually, where their own experience had reached, they had seen incompetence enthroned and respected, and doing its deadly work, because incompetence had been to the right school or come from the right regiment, sometimes even because it was closely connected with our friend the earl. The underworld of Colonel Repington's diary was not yet revealed, but they knew something at least, and suspected more, of the social principalities and powers, of the healthy, highly placed unconscientious objectors in khaki who filled the West End of London during the Battle of the Somme and the Great Retreat.

And it was not only the governing classes that had shaken their faith in the powers that be. Many of them had seen the later conscript armies, and to have seen some of our troops in 1918 going into action alongside the Australians was a political education in itself. Many men who had turned from those tall colonials, so manifestly quicker and stronger and prouder, so manifestly a higher caste, to watch the undersized boys from our slums or the underwitted boys from our fields, must have thought hard and unaccustomed thoughts concerning the possessors of the 'residential and sporting estates' on which those conscript lads were bred, and concerning the system whose chief boast it is that it abets their ownership.

In 1919 men were much readier to be on the side of the assault than they had been in 1914. More or less dimly this sort of misgiving filled the minds of the men who were going back to Oxford in 1919. And to others who had not reflected so precisely it seemed that at least the Labor Party was not yet damned like the other two — if only because it had not yet been tested. At least it was not guilty of any of the grand public triumphs of incompetence or bad faith. It had not thrust Turkey and Bulgaria into the arms of Germany, it had not scoffed at the tanks, nor had it yet intrigued with a general against his superiors.

The second great change since 1914 was that the Labor Party was now for the first time a party which the ordinary Oxford undergraduate could join. In 1918 it had thrown open its membership to workers by brain as well as by hand. This meant that no longer for the average Oxford man were Labor politics of merely academic interest: he could join the Labor Party, work for it, perhaps; he might even stand for Parliament as a Labor Party candidate. Potentially the Labor Party now stood in the same relation to Oxford as the other two parties, and over them it had certain inestimable advantages.

In 1919 came the peace of Versailles. On the day its terms were known in Oxford one or two young men, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves had fought, started collecting signatures to a protest against the Prussian ferocity of the peace. Those who signed had all been in active service. To-day most of academic Oxford would perhaps agree with that manifesto: but it certainly did not agree in 1919. Then those were only the opinions of a few Labor men and Radicals, slightly shell-shocked, perhaps, some of them. For the martial rage against the Hun of the learned and unwarlike too often exceeded hugely that of those who had stopped his bullets *in propria persona*.

By men of this sort the Oxford Labor Club was founded. From the start it included a creditable mixture of types. There were Blues from expensive colleges as well as workingmen from Ruskin. It did not escape a breeze or two with authority. In 1921 the then Vice-Chancellor said that he objected to a Labor Club, just as he would have objected to a club which called itself the Capitalist Club. It was suggested that there was a distinction here, since there did exist a recognized Labor Party in Parliament, whereas no party publicly styled itself Capitalist.

The controversy sizzled down with the banning of a public meeting organized by the Club, which was to have been addressed by George Lansbury in the Town Hall, George Lansbury being supposed at the time to be a sinister conspirator drawing a large and regular income from Russia. Barred from the Town Hall, Lansbury addressed a packed audience in Ruskin Hall, a meeting which has a certain historical importance owing to an unsuccessful attempt to break it up. Traditionally Oxford is the home of free speech. In recent years it had always contemptuously tolerated the most heterodox opinions. At Cambridge, however, possibly under the influence of a largish influx of young naval officers, there had recently been some assaults on unpopular meetings. And at Oxford, while Lansbury was impressing his engaging and avuncular personality upon a wedged and enthusiastic audience, a small band of undergraduates, untrained in the Oxford tradition of liberty and armed with heterogeneous musical instruments, was marching down Walton Street. They proceeded to force their way into Ruskin Hall.

Unfortunately for the intruders, among the audience — all of which preferred Lansbury's speech to tin trumpets — were a large number of burly and resolute young men, celebrated Blues two or three of them, who were at once enthusiastic supporters of the Club and conveniently near the door. These fell with overwhelming numbers and great fury upon such of the intruders as had forced their way into the hall, carried them, buffeting them cunningly and painfully against the walls en route, down the entrance passage to the main door, and flung them headfirst among such of their sympathizers as had not yet found their way in. This incident may have been of some importance to the nascent fortunes of the Club.

To-day the Labor Club numbers about 170, including Ruskin men, and members of the women's colleges. It includes a pretty complete variety of types and is regarded in friendly fashion by the rest of the University, which has usually no very fervent political views of its own apart from a pronounced distaste for doing what is not usually done. It not only introduces outside speakers to Oxford, like other political clubs, but holds weekly meetings and discussions. Over the other political and semipolitical clubs formed or reformed after the war it has the advantage of singleness of purpose. Unlike them, it has no rooms, no cellars, no facilities for dining. Those who go to its meetings go because they are keen. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other clubs are tided over the periods of political apathy, which are the rule with undergraduate Oxford, by a small minority of enthusiasts and a widely diffused liking for comfortable club-quarters. The Labor Party has conspicuously more adherents in the University who are daily and practically interested in politics than any other party whatsoever.

So far so good. But what is likely to be the future of Labor politics at Oxford? That depends pretty much upon what their future is to be in this country, and both depend very largely, I venture to think, on the extent to which the middle classes come over to the Labor Party. Many people think that it is the agricultural laborer's vote alone which stands between the party and a majority in Parliament. Undoubtedly the English peasant, that tragic adjunct of the 'desirable sporting and agricultural estate,' is one of the sovereign obstacles; but in England the peasantry is not nearly so unmovable as in France, and it is more likely that all turns upon the progress of the party with the middle classes. And here, of course, the microcosm of Oxford is particularly concerned. The Labor movement grew as a solution of the industrial problem, and though, even here, academic independence has a certain value, so far Oxford has found its remoteness too overwhelming a handicap. But as the Labor movement grows and its appeal widens further and further beyond the industrial classes, Oxford will be drawn more and more into touch with it. The relation of Oxford to Labor politics is largely bound up with their spread among the middle classes.

There are two forces which might sooner or later bring the middle classes over. One is a new and wide realization of the injustice of the industrial structure to those whose happiness hangs on it but who have no share in its control. But there is very little prospect of much change coming through this particular influence. The middle classes have great qualities, but neither sympathy nor imagination is among them. And there is no experience to take the place of imagination. A few of them come up hard against Englishmen of other classes in the mass, but only a few. A few may have observed or officered a stunted battalion from the hot, wet Lancashire mills and been moved thereby to reflection. A few may have plunged a little self-consciously into the unreal atmosphere of a public-school slum-mission. But the vast bulk of the middle classes remain, for practical purposes, as ignorant of their fellow countrymen as they are of Central African savages. Mere imaginative sympathy has given Labor a handful of middle-class partisans in every generation since the industrial revolution. From Robert Owen the stream has been continuous. Oxford itself has produced illustrious names. But, though the stream has been continuous, it has been narrow, and it widens but slowly, nor is there any evidence that it is likely now to widen far or fast enough.

Imagination and sympathy may perhaps not take them far, but sooner or later the middle classes will perceive with painful amazement that their one chance of survival does not lie with big business or vested interest but with the idealists of the Labor Party. And then the battle will be over. It is true that the press still successfully persuades them that the property which the Labor Party attacks is *their* property — the property which is to protect their old age and safeguard their dear amenities.

And here Oxford should be ahead of the country. More people in Oxford than in the country at large have leisure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and inclination to reflect upon the misrepresentations current in the press. More of them come to vexed political questions with an open mind; fewer are rendered impervious to argument by their own interests and traditions. There is a good deal of debate and discussion at Oxford, and this alone saves Oxford men of all parties from the profound general ignorance of the Labor Party's proposals out of which the rich men's press and distinguished Liberals make capital.

Then, what is more, there are quite a number of young men at the University who know a fair amount about the real history of the nineteenth century. There is not as much modern history known at Oxford as there ought to be, but there is a good deal more than is known in the country at large. Quite enough, in fact, to cause a considerable shoulder-shrugging when a venerable Hebrew defends slums with the thrice-buried arguments which might have come straight out of the lips of the remote Jeremy Bentham and the days of undiluted individualism. Whatever their own political views, there will always be a largish number of men at Oxford who know that to attack the industrial structure to-day is to attack, not something immemorial, but the entirely undesigned results of the industrial revolution, which are recent, fortuitous, and still upon their trial.

I say 'a largish number.' I wish I could say a really great proportion of Oxford men. Oxford, in general, forgets that the age in which the humanities waxed and prospered was the more spacious age of Victoria, when compulsory games had not been invented at public schools and young men at universities had spare time on their hands. The humanities stir the mind, and, though they teach nothing at first hand about the world of to-day, their student turns from them better trained and with greater relish to the problems of life. That is the theory, and it used to work pretty well. To-day the humanities may stir the mind still, but football and rowing exhaust the energies and the interest that Gladstone and Freeman and J. R. Green used to give to pondering the condition of England. The better minds among young men at Oxford are in much less real contact with the world than they were fifty years ago. On the very eve of the general election of 1922 one could have made a small fortune betting with Oxonians who were convinced that the Labor Party would have fewer seats in the new Parliament than in the old. Oxford is still largely fed by the public schools, and the public schools have been throttled by compulsory games. Either that suffocation of mental alertness and sympathy must be stopped, or the universities must invent some new way of getting round its desperate effects, if Oxford men are to play much part in England again.

At the moment, the public schools stand between Oxford and its duty to the nation. This is a fact too important and neglected to be passed over. Since the spacious bullying era of Tom Brown, the public schools have improved out of recognition — in comfort, organization, and morals; but in their sovereign duty they have degenerated past belief. They no longer breed individuality; often and often they do actually discourage ability. In the high old times of Tom Brown, schoolboys spent their spare hours fighting gamekeepers or skinning moles — experimenting excitedly with life in general. And in consequence the schools bred, and sent on to Oxford or Cambridge, men of brains and originality; not so many, maybe, as the wicked eighteenth century, but no contemptible amount. To-day, when they come out of their form rooms, the boys flock

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perforce to playing-fields where the Battle of Waterloo may have been won, but where the Battle of Loos was most certainly lost. They are passionately encouraged to these compulsory games by masters chosen as often for their muscles as for their brains. Daily and inevitably the boys learn from authority that the great things in life are the easy things — play and being like one's fellows; the things that matter less, the things to be tolerated at best, are brains and thinking for one's self. The universal passion in children to be allowed 'to do real work' and to be unlike other children dies, murdered officially, at school. Anyone who has viva'd them at Oxford college entrance examinations will tell you that the average mentality of the young men who come to Oxford from the public schools is inert, without alert individual interests of any kind, respectful of fashion and blankly indifferent to nine tenths of English life.

And since this is so it is not unimportant that, in general, the social discredit of belonging to the Labor Party wanes perceptibly. In the present Parliament there are even one or two Oxford men among the Labor Members. A curiously trivial matter, let us say, to a Canadian, but real enough to tell upon a public-school boy. Courage, and honesty rigid within limits, and cleanness and a fine comradeship for their own kind, are bred in these young men in the formative years at school; but these qualities alone neither win battles nor save states. This is Oxford's handicap. Such men understand their class well, but their country ill. Such men will admirably administer an Empire which is prosperously stable, having only to face such straightforward menaces as battle, pestilence, and famine. But since 1914 England has needed more than this.

With these handicaps is Oxford going to adapt itself to this strange new century? A university, particularly a university like Oxford, adapts itself only with exceeding difficulty and not without the acute distress of many admirable and distinguished persons. And, after all, Oxford has spent centuries before now out of all touch with the life of the nation. It can so easily fall behind again. Is Oxford going to adapt itself to this strange new century? Is it to send out men of light and leading again?

To some extent it will do all these things. It moves tentatively toward them now. It is already certain, for example, that Labor politics will play as great a part in Oxford in this century as did Radical politics in the last. Yes, it moves tentatively toward the doing of these things. But will it do them abundantly? For in the hard times ahead we need more from Oxford than Oxford has ever given, even in its richest and most generous days. The future of England and the Empire turns upon the Labor Party: upon the growing, undeniable discomforts of the majority of Englishmen finding legitimate expression through a constitutional and national party vowed to their relief. That party has ceased some while to be the party of a class: already it is more truly a national party than the party now in power. And it needs much that Oxford can do for it. There is much thinking to be done for it, by men with the needful leisure and training, to widen and accommodate its policy, as it approaches power, to changing and imperial needs.

More than this, there is an example needed of conscientious and independent men, in the little republic apart which is Oxford, thinking outside the boundaries of class and away from fast-perishing traditions. The path of the earlier adherents of new ways of thought among the upper classes in England is never easy: not easier than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beauchamp's career in Meredith's novel. Here, too, there is an example which Oxford men can set. For it is not a question now of trades-unionists accepting the assistance of an occasional stray intellectual, half-suspected of pursuing through them his own career. Rather in a national party of all classes, pursuing the sovereign national need, which is justice, men will rise to leadership, not because of the fortune to which they are born but because of the light which is in them.

Will Oxford in the years to come send out those men? That hangs in the balance. Already, as I have shown, Oxford moves tentatively toward the meeting of new demands. And if it is to depend upon clear thinking only, Oxford, it is likely, will do its part by the new party as it has done by the old, and more richly because here the opportunity of service is greater. What stands between us and the saving grace is the rigid custom and the inbred snobbery of many generations of us Englishmen. Are we to shake free of them before they strangle us, or are we to be content with the quarter-measures which are death in life, and is the public-school tradition to be our winding-sheet? This the next two decades will begin to show for certain. All that can be said now is that here and there stand out small suggestions that the saving grace may be accorded; suggestions of an unaccustomed alertness toward new learning and new responsibilities. Sanderson of Oundle, the Oxford Labor Club, certain spontaneous activities of undergraduates in the last year or two — taken all together these things amount to no more than a cloud the size of a man's hand. Those who do not wish to see the consummation they point to, can plausibly deny that they point to it. None the less, we are moving. These are early days.

JAPAN AND CALIFORNIA

From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle, December* 6
(Kobe Anglo-Japanese Daily)

Apparently the long fight regarding anti-alien legislation in California is over, and the Californian legislature has established its right to debar practically whom it likes from the cultivation of the land. The Japanese press naturally deplores this outcome, but there seems to be no paper which points out that not only are the anti-alien laws still stricter in Japan, but that they spread into whatever new territories Japan acquires, such as Korea, Formosa, and the mandated islands. If Japan judges it necessary to maintain these restrictions, she can hardly blame other countries for making similar restrictions.

When *Nichi Nichi* says that the exclusion of Japanese from proprietary cultivation is a blow to American interests, it is quite right, and it is equally correct in attributing the Californian legislation to racial prejudice, in so far as that prejudice is brought about by economic considerations, which, rather than color of skin, underlie the trouble. But the Supreme Court at Washington cannot be re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

garded as being affected by the same motives as the Californian Legislature. It simply in this case interprets the constitutional rights of the States. It is an atmosphere far removed from the prejudices of the Pacific coast. There is, therefore, no reason for *Asahi's* remarks concerning its disappointment, in which it evidently regards the Supreme Court's decision as having been come to on a point of policy or prejudice rather than on one of interpretation of law.

The Japanese in California have contributed much to the prosperity of the State, and they form, after all, so small a percentage of the whole population, and their number was so easily controlled, that it seems rather absurd as well as objectionable for the Legislature to adopt measures in which the fact that 'Japanese' are not mentioned does not alter the fact that the Japanese are the special subjects of the discrimination that is put into effect. It is true, Japanese show just as little appreciation of the benefits that a handful of foreigners have brought to Japan's trade, but that does not make the Californian procedure any the better.

Hochi and *Kokumin*, in keeping with their characters, adopt a more militant tone. *Hochi* thinks that the discrimination is partly the effect of the Government's obsession with a policy of harmony with the United States. *Kokumin* blames the lack of a strong public opinion for the present situation, and regrets the militancy that distinguished Japanese Notes in the great days of the Meiji era. We are not at all sure that this militancy has not had a good deal to do with the Californian determination. An analysis of the Californian agitation, in the *Political Science Quarterly*, says: —

> It was Japanese imperialism which really fed the fire of anti-Japanese agitation. The universal indignation at the award of Shantung to Japan and cumulative evidence of the broken pledges of Japan in international affairs increased the suspicion of many honest people in California that Japan would show no scruples in violating the Gentleman's Agreement, the only bar to an inundating wave of Orientalism. It made little difference to the popular mind that the berry-hucksters who ploughed California's fields had little to do with Japanese imperialism. For all that they knew, the Japanese Government might be using them to accomplish by covert means what it was more openly doing in Korea, Manchuria, and Siberia. The responsibility, therefore, for a large share of anti-Japanese agitation in California is due to the militarists of Tokyo.

It is rather strange that this account jumps over the period of the war altogether, referring merely to unsuccessful 'attempts made to abolish the leasing privileges in the 1915 and 1917 legislatures.' It was at the attempt of 1917 that the Japanese Ambassador requested the holding-up of legislation on account of public feeling in Japan, and it was this sort of request, which was regarded by Californians as a covert threat, that exacerbated their feelings more than Japan's exploits in China. In fact, it was the militant tone which *Kokumin* admires, and which lasted long after the Meiji era, that brought up the agitation to fever heat.

The Japanese press to-day contrasts the sympathy shown by the American public toward Japan in her great misfortune with the prejudice exhibited by California and the Supreme Court's endorsement — as they regard it — of this prejudice. It is the difference between an aggressive neighbor and an unfortunate one that makes the difference in tone. Some of the more logical among Japan's militants have recognized this in the past, and have rather gloried in the growing fear of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan manifested in anti-Japanism. Nations having a lower morality than individuals, neighborliness is less possible between them. The papers speak of the friendship manifested. The friendship is that of individuals who, hearing of human distress, put their hands in their pockets to relieve it. Where corporations contribute, there is generally a hope for business mingled with the charity. As between nations themselves, there is really very little feeling. Friendship can be created by a flurry of propaganda and as quickly turned to enmity by the same instrumentality.

Kokumin, though it believes in taking a strong line on this question of immigration, is quite conscious of some of the drawbacks to the imperialistic method. It notes correctly enough, as one of the factors that have told most heavily against Japan in California, the national exclusiveness of the Japanese. It is true, it puts the blame on to the Americans, and says that Japan ought to demand the right of naturalization for Japanese and give up the false dignity of refusing to ask for the right of her subjects to abandon their nationality. The position goes much further than this, however. Consuls have always insisted on Japanese children being registered as Japanese, so that when they have done their military service in Japan they will have the rights of an old resident to return to America. This naturally caused a great deal of distrust. Since Japan has seen that Germans in America were no good to Germany in war-time, a totally different policy has been adopted, and Japanese consuls now advocate the registration of children as Americans. Had this been done from the first, there would now be so many Japanese-Americans that the landholding question would have presented no difficulties. *Kokumin*, therefore, has not stated the whole case when it demands that the right of naturalization should be insisted upon.

If the new Californian laws are applied with severity, great hardship, and injustice will be done to a large number of perfectly innocent people. It may be hoped that, having got their way, the Californians will abandon the mob feeling that has been encouraged for a political end. Sympathy with the sufferings of Japanese in the earthquake may also be invoked in order to prevent any tendency to exercise the law so as to drive people back to a country where there is already much distress. Time will work considerable changes.

The trouble began when, on Chinese labor being excluded, Japanese labor sought to take its place. Neither was welcome — as indeed no labor of any nationality is welcome anywhere in large quantity — except on the condition that it remains forever labor. It is not so much because the Japanese till the soil that they are regarded as an economic menace, but because they stop tilling the soil and enter other occupations, including that of employers of labor.

To the Japanese critics, who regard the Supreme Court as an exponent of public opinion rather than as an unprejudiced arbiter of law, there is a disagreeable contrast between the temporary dropping of legislation when ambassadors declared that public opinion in a militant Japan was uncontrollable in its objections, and the confirmation by the Supreme Court of an exclusion law just after Japan has been sorely stricken. Really, of course, it is purely a matter of coincidence. But it remains true that Japan stricken by earthquake evokes much more sympathy than Japan demanding at Versailles the pound of flesh bought by secret treaty in the war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERU'S UNTENANTED WELL-BOTTOM

BY GORDON INGLIS

[*The author is a well-known London journalist, whose article, 'My Peruvian Servants,' appeared in the* Living Age *of August* 18, 1923.]

From the *West Coast Leader, November* 6
(LIMA ENGLISH-LANGUAGE WEEKLY)

YEARS and years ago, at a preparatory school, there was one Latin sentence, of 'good words for the young' type, that formed a favorite text when impositions were being handed out by a stern preceptor. It was of five words, beginning with *Magna est* and ending in *et prævalebit*. But whether the missing word was *virtus* or *veritas* I cannot, for the life of me, remember. If the first mentioned were adopted, it would have application to this centre of Santo Tomás; if the latter should be employed, then the villagers would 'turn down' the saying as being negligible — framed, obviously, by some weird person who knew no better. Truth, *qua* truth, has small honor, and no existence, in this portion of Peruvian realms.

The people of Santo Tomás — and this applies as well to neighboring pueblos — are wonderfully courteous, ever considerate, always cheerful and good-natured, though how to account for the steady cheeriness I know not. It recalls the burlesque of the Zoo showman, conducting a party round the different cages. At last he reaches the home of a new type — the laughing hyena.

'And now, ladies and gentlemen,' proclaims he, 'we comes to a hanimal known as the larfin 'yena. Though wot 'e 'as to larf at, Gawd knows.'

But still, cheerful are the Santo Tomásites — very notably so. And this, despite the monotony of their lives, their meagre pleasures, their few distractions.

Moreover they are honest and reliable — save in one respect — to a superlative degree. I would trust them with my life. Nay, more, I would trust them with something really valuable. So far as money is concerned, they are scrupulous. You can hand over coin to the most casual passer-by who is proceeding to Chachapoyas, and he will execute your commission, accounting for the change to the last centavo. True, he will take his own time in returning.

Your foodstuffs are absolutely safe — personal belongings ditto, though the Mill House doors possess no fastenings and are open to anyone, by day or night. The only robbers in these parts are the verminous dogs, who possess a genius for housebreaking. If, at times, you feel that the consumption of a particular article has been on the rapid side — well, you must reflect that the servant class is much the same the world over. It is always prone to exercise a benevolent hospitality at somebody's else expense, and it ever manifests a preference for anything known to be expensive — a preference not so much due to appreciation of the article as dictated by a knowledge of the price. I have just been faced with a demand for another rice purchase, though an arroba thereof was very recently acquired. Not being overfond

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of rice, the quick disposal could not be attributed to my efforts. But rice is the village luxury — the most expensive *plat*. Hence its speedy finish.

Courtesy, cheerfulness, unselfishness, honesty — a quartette of estimable qualities. But as for truthfulness — no, in this case, *non prævalebit*. Step back, *Veritas*, and take the rearmost seat.

Of truth they are incapable. You cannot take their word for the equivalent of a centavo. They are quite the biggest liars I have yet met. The average corespondent in a hotly contested divorce case is, in comparison, a reliable and straightforward witness. Again, one is faced with their contradictory nature. A Spanish expression of antipathy runs thus: '*Antes aceptaría la palabra de un hombre honrado que el juramento de ése*' — 'I would rather have the word of an honest man than his oath.' There's the rub: what is honesty? In all essential respects these people are honesty personified. But their sworn oaths would not be overvalued at tuppence.

Let us inquire for a moment into the whys and wherefores of this contradictory attitude. Let us consider the primary causes that conspire to negative the chances of any little brown-skinned boy hereabouts growing up in the image of George Washington.

I am inclined to attribute its origin to that deplorable word, '*mañana*,' and its underlying significance. Everything, to my mind, develops from that. When a person is accustomed to regard time as a thing of no account, when he is used to saying '*mañana*,' regardless of whether he intends to adhere to the statement, or not — obviously the extension is rapid. If you say you are returning 'to-morrow,' when you know perfectly well that it will be at least a day or so later, by easy stages you come to the state when mere truth does not matter.

That is why the womenfolk at the *chacras* shriek '*No hay!*' — 'There is none!' — to any inquiry for purchases, when it is apparent that '*No hay*' is the most transparent of lies. That is why so many absurd yarns drift along the trail, gathering momentum as they pass from mouth to mouth, without any shadow of possibility, let alone substance. That is why, if you ask a villager whether a certain person happens to be in the pueblo that day, you may be assured, 'Yes,' only to find that the affirmative was not entitled to any attention. To tell the truth, habitually, seems to be regarded as something reprehensible.

A good lie may have occasional justification. But a motiveless lie is merely stupid; a lie that is certain of immediate discovery is banal to a degree. Yet all the lies retailed here are motiveless. None of the local rivals of Ananias prevaricates for profit or pelf. He or she lies merely because it seems easier to lie than to tell the truth. And when faced with prompt discovery, they neither explain nor seek to extenuate. The incident is regarded as closed; to emphasize it by further and hostile reference would be regarded as bad form.

Let me illustrate two types of lying, — the masculine and the feminine, — taking my domestic staff, as usual, to emphasize the points. Not because Alejandro or Juliana differs from other members of this community: I choose them because I have an opportunity of studying their quibbles and evasions at close range. Their methods — or lack thereof — are much the same as those of the remaining populace. Alejandro is the wholly unimaginative kind of liar. There is no embroidery in his narrative — it is just a plain statement of alleged fact. We will apply the test to the milk question.

Our vender of milk is not a perma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nent institution. Local cows are subject to the most extraordinary vagaries. They will render up milk freely for weeks and then, all of a sudden, decide it is time for a leisurely chewing of the cud, without a daily pulling about. When this happens, a new owner of cows has to be discovered. She — the milk-dispensers are invariably female — will render casual service for a while, until the cows have eaten all the herbage in a particular area; then she too shifts camp. Our present dame lives on the hilltop, opposite Santo Tomás — a stiffish climb. The trail leading to her dwelling passes by a halfway house, owned by the parents of a child to whom I acted as godparent some months ago. This abode is a magnet for both Juliana and Alejandro. They always stop for a chat; they often remain for hours. What they find to talk about, the Lord only knows.

Well, one day last week Alejandro returned from his pilgrimage without any milk; it had escaped his attention. From my vantage point on the verandah, I can see every inch of the trail. It was not difficult to note Alejandro first entering and later emerging from the hospitable retreat halfway. He got no farther. On his return I commented on the milk shortage. Alejandro explained that on calling for the beverage he found no one at home; it was a case of '*No hay.*' As a rule, Alejandro is reliable in regard to milk-collection. It was no use making a melodrama of this dereliction. '*No hay*' was accepted.

Some days later, Juliana was the messenger. Inert, for the most part, she volunteers for trail-duties whenever there is a dearth of callers at her kitchen door. She is essentially a sociable person. Precisely the same manœuvre was executed; again was the milk jug empty on return. But Juliana scorned the simplicity of Alejandro's lie. She told me that all the Señora's cows had gone dry in the night. As a result they had been moved — that very morning as ever was — to the montaña land, until they showed inclination to return to duty. She followed this up with a lengthy and descriptive account of the vagaries of Peruvian kine; and she intimated that on the following day she would engage to procure milk from another source.

When, on the morrow, a small girl came down from the house on the hill to inquire why no one had called for milk on the previous day, — and were we not requiring a daily supply for the future? — did Juliana wilt in shame-faced discovery? Not a wilt. She admonished the child and denounced the lassitude of its mamma for not being at the house on the previous afternoon when she — Juliana, or Sapphira the Second — had called, jug in hand. Juliana is the double-barreled type of liar.

Every now and again Juliana gets restive. She longs for social confabs — the presence of a throng. At intervals she notifies me that she is visiting a neighboring pueblo the following day. She borrows a mule from one neighbor, a saddle from another, and a *muchacha* — companion — from a third. The expedition sets off at an early hour in the morning. Prior to leaving, Juliana is at pains to assure me, not once but often, that she will return *tarde* the same day. She has not the slightest intention of keeping her word, nor does she think it necessary to explain why, in that event, it is necessary to carry a blanket on the front part of the saddle and a well-filled *alforja* slung over the back. It is always late the next day ere she returns. Why bother to lie so strenuously and so unnecessarily?

The other day provided an interesting variation and introduced yet a third type of liar — a woman: always a more interesting truth-twister than a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man. Juliana was to visit the small village of Lopocancha, three leagues away. Even the most lethargic mule can make its league an hour. She started off at 7 A.M. and emphasized that she would be back in time to prepare dinner. Even so, this would give her from ten to four at the pueblo — a reasonably extended visit, one would think. For this once, I really thought she was speaking the truth. Alejandro was away from the Mill House and not expected back until the middle of next day. In his absence, Juliana had secured the service of my godchild's mamma to prepare luncheon; it seemed not unreasonable to expect that the proper cook would attend to dinner.

It is rather a gala occasion for the hillside dame when she assumes a temporary sway over my kitchen. She and her husband live very simply. Coffee and rice, or similar items, do not figure on their menu; so she levies toll for her services in the shape of a heavy repast. She brings the small godchild, strapped on her back, and a daughter of six years toddles in her wake. I have only one minor fault to find with her ministrations. Like all the mothers hereabouts, she brings up her children on natural food, until they reach eighteen months or so. Whether she utilizes her term as temporary cook to take a large reënforcement of nutritive feeding-material for herself, or whether the infant is regaled, as a special treat, with fluid of the cow by way of variation, her visit always means that café au lait is ruled out for next morning's breakfast. Or, in other and local parlance, 'tis a case of '*Leche no hay.*'

Luncheon over, I thanked the dame for her services. What time would I like dinner, she asked? Oh, Juliana would see to that, I said. Not at all, riposted Juliana's *confidante*, for arrangements had been made to see to not merely the evening meal but also breakfast on the morrow. So I was mistaken in deeming Juliana a temporary backslider into paths of truthfulness. She had remained true to her life's creed and code.

While this discussion was proceeding, in all amiability, Alejandro had returned to the fold — a day in advance of the time assigned. This variation does happen occasionally; the only thing that never takes place is the keeping to an actual, stated hour.

Now Alejandro's unexpected advent put Juliana's substitute in rather a predicament. She had, so I ascertained later, allowed for three full meals at my dwelling. Her husband had been given leave of absence. He had sped away to Santo Tomás and was to be one of the 'lads of the village' for twenty-four hours. Probably there was but little, if any, food in her house, for they are day-to-day *proveedores*. Really it was inconsiderate of Alejandro. Dinner that night was difficult enough in arrangement, for there was no real need for her to stay with Alejandro on hand; he understands the cooking-job thoroughly. As for a simple breakfast the next morning, that did not require two for the work of preparation. Moreover, she knew that I knew that Alejandro knew how to cook every dish.

Directness of method is a quality these people do not favor. Metaphorically, they will make a detour of three unnecessary leagues to avoid a stile that provides access to a straight path. It would have been perfectly simply to explain the position to me; her presence would have been accepted cheerfully. But no, a more elaborate scheme was adopted.

Time passed — as time has a habit of doing. Dinner was nearly ready. At this stage, the amiable Señora, brace of youngsters attached, came into my salon to bid adieu for the night. Was she not staying to dinner with Alejan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dro, I inquired? Oh no, said the good soul, she must proceed to her own dwelling. She reached the door, looked out, and gave a shudder of dismay. It was a night of much blackness, she averred; it would, alas, be necessary to stay at my house until the morning, for approach to her own abode was impossible. Quite so, I replied, soothingly; Alejandro would be glad of her company.

Out of curiosity, I took a stroll across the grass plot in front of my verandah, toward the little earthen bridge that spans the stream. The night was quite clear, and to a person familiar with every foot of the way, as was my uninvited guest, progress was ridiculously simple. Again an unnecessary lie. But breakfast had been secured, without a direct request therefor.

AN ANATOLIAN PILGRIMAGE

BY JOSEPH HANS LAZAR

From the *Neue Freie Presse, October 26*
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

SUMMER, like a heavy, ripe fruit saturated with warmth and sunlight, is ready to drop into the lap of autumn. A perfect morning floods land, air, and sea with its sparkling radiance, clear to the far horizon where sky and water meet with knife-like sharpness, and the domes and pointed minarets of Constantinople sink — a dim, lace-like silhouette — into the blue abyss that bounds our vision.

We have left the last tidy white houses behind us as if they had glided away on invisible rails. I withdraw my eyes from the west after a last farewell glance, vaguely conscious of an unpleasant incongruity in bidding farewell to the romantic city across the Bosporus from a rattling railway-carriage and behind a shrieking locomotive. A Tauchnitz book is slapped shut on the seat opposite me. A pink-cheeked Englishman in a lieutenant's uniform claps a tropical helmet on his boyish head, and with a couple of long strides stalks out the door. Barracks, camps, tents, and miscellaneous structures roll past the window. The brakes grind against the wheels. We have reached Gebizeh, the farthest station of the neutral zone, the temporary boundary of English jurisdiction. It is the tacit frontier between Constantinople and Anatolian Turkey for the few days that remain before the Allies finally bid adieu to the former capital of the Sultans.

The Princes Islands lie in the offing like a long line of gigantic cruisers. The windows of their bright cottages flash through the light-drenched mist. Peninsulas thrust themselves into the open sea like the giant wings of a vast opera-stage. The coast bends inward and seems to make a land-locked basin of Gebizeh Gulf. No house, hut, tree, animal, or bird adds a touch of life to its long, flat beach-line. No column of steamer smoke, or sail, or boat, not even a wind ripple on its surface, breaks the glassy oiliness of the sea. The water lies clasped in the land's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

embrace, dark-blue and dead in the distance, and transparent close to shore. Soft, fleecy cloud-banks are reflected idly in its mirror. The locomotive whistles sharply as our train swings around many a curve and contour, the only evidence of life in the deserted landscape.

Each morning the Angora Express leaves Haidar Pasha, opposite Constantinople, upon its twenty-six hours' journey to the Turkish capital. I crossed Anatolia at rather good speed in new carriages penetratingly and reassuringly fragrant with fresh paint and varnish. Indeed, the train need shrink from no comparison with similar trains in Europe. But our passengers could not be duplicated in another country — recruits, soldiers, officers, peasants, business men, officials, hadjis, and brightly clad women in separate cars. At the end of the train roll in stately seclusion two private cars carrying two officials of the Standard Oil Company of New York. They contain a reception room, sleeping-room, dining-room, and kitchen; their own cook and provisions. One of these gentlemen proves to be an old acquaintance, and laughs heartily at the odd coincidence of our meeting here. He makes a most agreeable host in his tiny dining-room.

On the train proper there are only two of us foreigners. The second is an elderly, baggy-cheeked, thick-nosed gentleman with dignified, unctuous manners and a stiff, self-conscious carriage. He is General Townsend, M. P., a misunderstood World War relic. He is accompanied by a Turkish naval lieutenant who is constantly laughing and speaks every language fluently, including German. The latter he learned during three years' service on H.M.S. Frankfurt, and pronounces it with an excellent imitation of the rasping Prussian officer's accent. The Gentleman and General he is looking after acquired considerable notoriety at Kut-el-Amara. Subsequently, up to the time the Entente entered Constantinople, he was well entertained as a prisoner of war on the Princes Islands, where he became, during his abundant leisure, an ardent friend of Turkey. It is a principle with the Gentleman and General not to converse with anybody whose native tongue is German. He formally notified the Constantinople press that the only purpose of his journey was to visit his 'good friend Mustapha Kemal Pasha' in Angora and to congratulate him upon his victory and success. Three days later the Gentleman and General made the trip back again — without having been received by Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

Olive groves with silvery crowns and inviting shadows at their gray feet; vegetable gardens with bright verdant greenery and treadmill irrigation pumps, worked by scrawny animals with blindfolded eyes, who plod wearily through an eternity of darkness; ploughed fields and standing crops, meadows and fallow land, gradually thin out into a devastated country where cantonments, tents, sentry boxes, advance posts, recruits, soldiers, and officers remind us that war and a defeated enemy have just passed by. We gradually draw away from the sea until it grows small and gray and at length invisible in the distance.

Hereke, a cloth- and fez-manufacturing centre, where Imperial textile mills once made silks and rugs exclusively for the Sultan and his Court, has a Royal Kiosk and a villa where Wilhelm II once spent a few hours. The latter building is now the residence of the Turkish General, who is waiting for the last of the Allied contingents to depart before entering Constantinople at the head of his troops. The town

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaves a memory of blue, yellow, red, and white headcloths seen through bare, staring factory windows; young girls, still scarcely more than children, working at looms and spinning-frames; tiny hands waving greetings, and quiet, embarrassed smiles.

The Gulf of Ismid again greets us shortly before its broad expanse bids us the sea's last adieu. For five years the Goeben lay here like a bound Prometheus, interned, disarmed, and guarded by Englishmen. The railway cuts directly across the city of Ismid, and our train rattles through densely populated quarters with shops, wooden houses of every size and color, — gray, white, brown, yellow, and red, in disorderly confusion, — booths, dark coffeehouses, primitive outdoor restaurants adorned with flowers and little pictures and garlands, gray wooden gratings in lofty windows, black iron barrier-gates with a delayed pedestrian waiting here and there, and many soldiers with brown stolid features staring at us with expressionless black eyes.

Sabundie — fields and gardens, dense thickets and orchards, rustling leaves, dancing shadows of dusty foliage, branches bent low with fruit, dropping their green, yellow, bright-red burdens over brown thorn hedges. A great throng of women, girls, and boys on the station platform with garlands of red apples threaded on a string, who run alongside the train in bright-colored clothing and bare brown feet, shouting their wares in high-pitched, eager voices. Dark-blue and violet hills encircling Sabundie Lake, and reflected in its placid surface so perfectly that the water itself seems unsubstantial as a mirage, a mere reflection of molten emerald; reeds and tangled shrubbery along the shore, and fat black buffaloes indolently lolling in the water like queer monsters of the deep; naked brown children mounted on their black backs and shouting joyfully with shrill, clear voices.

This is a rich, fruitful land of black soil, watered by many rivulets. Gray, craggy mountains rise ahead of us, culminating in peaks and ranges that open unexpectedly to let us pass. Dark, crooked dwarf-pines cling to the gray precipices, struggling obstinately and successfully against stone and storm. On the wooded declivities nestle pretty Circassian villages of bright cottages occasionally as pretentious as country villas. These are the most prosperous country homes in this part of Turkey. In the old days the sons of their occupants served generation after generation in the body-guard of the Sultan, and the daughters entered the harems of the nobility. But during the recent Greek occupation these people joined the invaders, and the Turks found them more bitter, cruel, and dangerous enemies than the Greeks themselves. They swept through the land with fire and sword. So to-day the bright white houses and tidy orchard-embowered villages no longer contain a single Circassian.

Therefore, in the midst of all this fertility and verdure and life, lurk death and desolation, graves and ruin. On the site of former villages and towns there is to-day scarcely one stone left upon another. Yet everywhere new houses, primitive but sufficient for the moment, are rising in the place of those destroyed. A portion of the little town of Biledjik once crowned a hill. It takes a sharp eye to-day to discern where its buildings used to stand. A traveler might pass by unaware that they had ever existed, unless his notice was especially directed to the place.

I am happily surprised at the excellent condition of the roadbed. It is a miracle when one recalls the endless fighting here and the systematic way

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which the Greeks destroyed everything in their retreat. They did not spare a viaduct, a bridge, a trestle, a rail, a telegraph pole, a railway station, or a crossing-watchman's cottage. In many cases the rails had to be restored from pieces not more than a yard long; iron bridges were rebuilt from scraps and fragments, and the missing parts filled in with wooden timbers. But today there is not a spear of grass between the rails, the ballast is new, the embankments are tidy, the cement work has been carefully repaired; and everywhere I see men busy sawing, hammering, forging, and rebuilding. The Standard Oil gentlemen, who are experts in things of this sort, ask with astonishment if it is a real Turkish accomplishment, if it has been done without foreign aid.

Some time before we reach Eskishehr, at a point where the road descends a steep grade, we see a strange spectacle — a great mountain of wrecked cars and iron skeletons of burned cars towering on either side of the track. Some stand on end, some lie on their roofs, others lean crosswise over each other as if a furious Cyclops had picked them from the track and dashed them wildly to the ground. Before the Greeks withdrew from Eskishehr, they sent two trains, containing three hundred cars, and two locomotives with a full head of steam, against each other, without a driver or train crew, so that they met head-on at the foot of Eskishehr grade.

The sun sinks languidly in a purplish-red valley that lies distant and mysterious like an unexplored fairyland behind the violet range of peaks on the horizon. Darkness enfolds the landscape, and with it comes a storm. The wind howls wildly across the gray plains toward which we are descending. We pass Ineunu, where the echo of clashing arms has hardly died away, the scene of three battles and the first great victory of the Kemalist army. Now and then the moon peeks from behind jagged fragments of broken storm-clouds, casting bright bands of silvery light across the black landscape. The wind has beaten the short prairie grass into long flat billows, which look as if by some trick of mirage the bosom of the distant sea was casting its reflection here from beyond the mountains we have passed.

Our train breasts the storm with a sort of breathless persistence, as if it feared it might lose momentum and stall in this dark loneliness. Soldiers sing a long-drawn-out but melodious song, quite unintelligible to me. An aged deputy, with his young wife and infant, occupies the next compartment. They too are singing — a low, melancholy lullaby. At length the moon disappears for good and all behind an impenetrable cloud-bank. Unbroken darkness lies upon the land. Silence sinks upon our passengers; the wind falls; the only sound is the monotonous rumbling of the train.

A bright glare of arc lamps, life, and noisy bustle suddenly bursts out of the black solitude of the night. Machine shops, switches, roundhouses, crossings, water tanks, a bright station platform, buildings in repair still surrounded by scaffolding, three trains on different tracks, signal whistles, hurrying passengers, almost metropolitan haste and confusion — Eskishehr.

Gray morning dawns over a transformed landscape. The sun rises round and red from behind yellow cloud-ribbons hovering over a chain of bald mountain-summits. We are crossing a high, yellow, barren, treeless plateau. Not a sign of life. A desert country. Mountains, as bare and sterile as the plain, hem in the horizon. Their naked, chalky summits shine like snow in the distance. It is a sort of lunar landscape,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a vision of a dead world. Islands of pale sandstone lift themselves from the level plain, carved and weathered by ages of wind and rain until they resemble marvelous castles with bastions, walls, towers, moats, and sally ports. No bird soars over the craggy peaks. No tree or bush breaks the monotonous expanse of desolation. Here and there thin yellow grass struggles to gain a foothold in the white chalky soil.

But one thing relieves the deadly monotony of this mountain-encircled plain — death itself. Little groups of mounds, consisting of stones piled with a crude attempt at order and already relapsing into formlessness, mark the last resting-place of men where no village, no house, not even a hut hints they ever had an abiding-place. These neglected cairns carry one's thoughts back to the armies of New Hellas who fought here for a mad ambition that greater and more powerful nations prudently rejected.

Little miserable villages begin to appear at intervals. They consist of ruins and mud huts so low that they scarce break the level of the yellowish-gray plain. Children in ragged, bright-colored garments cluster at the side of the track, begging and shrieking, '*Gazeta! Gazeta!*' Newspapers are thrown to them from many an open car-window, to be borne off as treasures to some 'man learned in the script,' who will read the latest news from all the world to a circle of curious listeners.

The train stops at modest little stations where workmen are busy restoring the ruined railway buildings. I wonder why, for there is no other sign of human habitation visible. Girls, hardly more than children, sell water in clay jugs and copper cans. They are blond, blue-eyed damsels, in spite of their tender years no longer children, who go industriously about their work as if they already had a sober life of toil behind them. If you ask about their father or mother you often — pitifully often — are answered with a single brief word: '*Yok*' — 'None,' in a dull, expressionless voice, accompanied by a quiet, resigned shaking of a tanned, childish countenance and now and then a glimpse of moisture in the eyes.

The wounds and gashes of the war reach far inland, dangerously close to the high range of mountains that defends the plains of Angora. I realize anew how close Mustapha Kemal stood to the abyss when with undaunted will and daring he snatched the laurels of victory from seeming defeat.

Our train rumbles through mountain passes to the plains beyond, breaking their sunny solitude with many a shrill whistle. We pass flocks of sheep grazing on yellowish-green meadows, then dense herds of white long-horned goats. An isolated hill is crowned by massive red walls that hold in a tight embrace a dense cluster of dusty gray houses. Slender minarets appear; and below them, at the barren foot of the mountain, other clusters of adobe houses, broken at rare intervals by a brighter stone structure. We cross a level plain cut by a long white highway at the end of which I detect houses and barracks clustered around a long railway-yard. Oases of green declivities form the background. Clouds of dust rise in the distance and hover like a gray mist in the air. Beyond lies a little town built of the dusty earth from which it sprang, a desert-encompassed, mountain-encircled refuge, the cradle of a reborn nation and a new republic — Angora.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VASE FROM SHANTUNG

BY BODO WILLBERG

From *Das Leben, October*
(Leipzig Story Magazine)

About ten years ago I was traveling through the Chinese province of Shantung. Toward noon one day I had climbed to the vicinity of the Po Shang and caught sight of a lonely old temple standing in a little valley between two hills. Enormous oaks, chestnuts, and pines stretched their branches over its blue-tiled roof, and the sound of the little bells that hung above the ridge of the roof came to me down the wind.

No keeper of the holy place was anywhere to be seen. I found my way into the inner court, which was surrounded on three sides by galleries. The gallery in the centre was rather higher than the three others and formed an antechamber to the temple itself, and here, between the red pillars, stood a remarkable collection of wooden statues of various divinities. Making my way through the court, I approached the gayly colored company. Once more the bells in the oak branches rang gently, and then fell silence. I had drawn out my sketchbook in order to fix in my memory the colorful assemblage of deities in their fantastic frames, when a remarkable object towering inside the temple among the idols turned my thoughts in another direction.

Alt Wachwitz came vividly to my mind, Alt Wachwitz, the dreamy old castle in the Saxon hills. For the immense vase that rose above the wooden figures, like a church tower over the roofs of a village, was the exact duplicate of another monster that had once been pointed out to me, because of its great value, in the old orangery of Alt Wachwitz. It was a gigantic vessel, fabulously old, and made of bright-yellow porcelain, with those artistic cracks and breaks in it, the secret of which belongs to the lost lore of Chinese art.

In an instant I had Alt Wachwitz again before my eyes. At my last visit I had left it in a divided mood, for I could no longer endure the spectacle of the way — the incredible way — in which my friend, the lord of the castle, was neglected by his wife, in favor of their steward, who frankly gloated over the favor of the lovely yet dangerous lady of the castle, with her extraordinary charm. This major-domo was surely no ordinary servant or dependent, and it seemed sometimes as if he had a claim to be reckoned of the family. He possessed, indeed, an obvious likeness to the master of the house. One might think him a sturdier, steadier, and physically better edition of the elegant and nervous Erhardt von Wachwitz. In the blue eyes of both there was the same glance and the same color, only those of the steward would often harden to unyielding steel, whereas Wachwitz, in spite of his rank, suffered from an uncertainty of glance and bearing.

As I came to myself I glanced again at the middle gallery of the temple. Then suddenly I became aware, to my intense amazement, that a change had taken place in the faces of the gods who stood nearest me. The faces had taken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on a European look. What was this? The Goddess of Mercy assumed the countenance of the beautiful lady of the castle. Her neighbor, a smaller deity of obviously less importance, bore on his shoulders the delicate head of her husband, and the tall, gaunt God of the Winds showed unmistakable resemblance to the steward whom I had so disliked.

Now life came to these figures. In the rhythmic gestures of Oriental tragedy they began a play, with the temple's antechamber for their stage. First there was the love scene between the blue Goddess of Mercy and the stately God of the Winds. It was true, as I had always thought. With this uncouth demon she was deceiving her husband. Then the little husband surprised the faithless pair. The blue goddess vanished and a scene was played, with all the impressiveness of an East Asiatic theatre, between betrayer and betrayed. The end of this scene was no less terrible than it was surprising. Like a flash of lightning the evildoer whipped out a dagger and stabbed the lord of the castle. Then he glanced wildly about as if to ask: 'Where shall I hide him?' His rolling eyes fell on the gigantic vase. He dashed over to it, raised the cover and threw it on the ground; then, lifting the body, he thrust it headfirst into the vase. The reckless fury with which he carried out these manœuvres was terrible to behold. Last of all, he made the cover fast once more on the dreadful yellow vase.

Now, however, the movements of the demons ceased, and in a few seconds the players in this dreadful drama wore their old appearance and had resumed their former amiability. Once more the little husband god who had been so illtreated stood motionless between the blue Goddess of Mercy and the haughty God of the Winds.

Outside in the heat the bell was still. It was extraordinary. No doubt the opiate that I had taken that morning for a headache had caused this incredible vision.

In the rush of everyday occurrences I should, no doubt, soon have forgotten my experience if I had not read by chance in a newspaper tidings of the death of Erhardt von Wachwitz — who, to all appearances, had been drowned while boating — when I returned to the German settlement at Tsingtau about a month later. I remembered that he had been extremely fond of solitary trips in his canoe on a neighboring pond, the so-called Schwarzer Teich. His boat had been found bottom up in the water, but it was not possible to recover the body, although the pool had been partly drained and the gloomy moat which, together with the ancient elms and arbors, wrapped the gray castle in unceasing melancholy, had been carefully searched.

'It may be better for him,' I said to myself — and then a gleam of terror shot through me. What of the faces in the temple? I drew out my sketchbook. The day of the vision was the day of Erhardt's death. Yet, after all, the vision might be allegorically interpreted. Perhaps Erhardt had gone to his death in despair over Sybil's faithlessness. In the parable represented by those extraordinary apparitions the vase might be the symbol of the pool itself, into whose waters the steward had sent the lord of the castle by betraying him.

Needless to say, I wrote a word of sympathy to the mistress of Alt Wachwitz, even from the heart of Asia.

Years went past, and all this began to sink into the fearful depths of time; but there came at length a day when I must put my travel notes again in order, and as the face in the temple once

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more came to my mind the thought occurred to me, how things might be in Alt Wachwitz. When I made inquiries, I learned that things were in a very peculiar way. The widowed mistress of the castle was still in undisputed possession, since the estate was not entailed, and now so openly shared her inheritance with the steward that most of her relatives and acquaintances had ceased to have anything to do with her.

'Well,' said I to myself, 'it is plainly my duty to show the lonely mistress of the castle, abandoned by her former friends, that I, at least, am not one of those who allow themselves to be influenced by society gossip.'

I inquired first whether my visit would be acceptable, for it seemed not impossible that the steward, who now ruled as undisputed lord of Alt Wachwitz, might forbid my coming; but he seemed to have no fear of me, and I soon received a very friendly reply. Sybil wrote that she would be delighted to renew her acquaintance with the friend of her former husband.

Yet, as I made my way over the castle bridge and into the elm-shaded court one hot July day, I began to ask myself: 'What are you doing here? Is it not, after all, culpable curiosity that urges you on? Are you coming to disturb the melancholy peace of a hospitable household with your inquiry and your observation?'

The steward met me at the foot of the stairs. In previous years I had found encounters with this man repulsive, but now he made a far more pleasant impression than I had expected. His bearing was admirable, courtesy and self-possession mingling in it. His hair was lightly touched with gray. The mistress of the castle was still more altered. Beautiful still, perhaps more beautiful than in her restless, dangerous youth.

When we sat alone at tea that evening, I waited for her to make some reference to the catastrophe on the Schwarzer Teich, but the reference did not come. She was far too curious to hear the news of my journey. Finally I mentioned the fact, though naturally without touching on my vision, that the exact duplicate of the vase in Alt Wachwitz stood in a solitary little mountain temple in the province of Shantung.

'*Ach*,' said she, 'is there a second monstrosity of that kind in the world? I must tell you, Baron, that I have never been able to endure the horrid thing. Even to-day, if I happen to be walking alone in the orangery, I am downright afraid. I do not go over there any more. Some unwholesome spirit seems to hover about that old vase from Eastern Asia.'

I slept that night in my old room, which opened on the moat of the castle. During the night the sultry weather of the last few days ended in a storm of incredible wildness and violence. It seemed to be concentrated over the park. The thunder scarcely paused, and toward morning I heard a terrific crash which could only mean that one of the giant trees had been felled by lightning.

When I awoke after a long sleep, the birds were singing in the elm branches, and the morning sun was shining so brightly that even the dismal waters of the moat were turned to topaz yellow. In my sleep I had heard a good deal of coming and going in the passageways, which I thought merely part of the disturbance due to the storm. I breakfasted in my room after my usual custom. A young servant whom I did not remember having seen in Erhardt's time brought my breakfast tray with unsteady hands, and in the familiar manner of the new generation began: 'Did the Herr Baron sleep well during the storm?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Very badly, of course. Tell me, was n't something struck in the park?'

'*Ei, ja*, the big elm, the two-hundred-year-old one in the rear of the orangery, was knocked down. The upper part was shattered to bits and fell on the roof of the orangery. It knocked everything over and smashed the big vase to pieces.'

I gave a breath of indefinable relief. Sybil's words of the evening before came to my mind.

'Too bad,' I said, 'but after all it's lucky no one was hurt.'

'*Ja, ja*, if only that were true. But a great misfortune has happened. The steward is dead.'

'What?' I put the cup to my lips and took a long draft of steaming hot coffee, before asking further questions.

'The gardener brought word early in the morning that the vase was broken and that all kinds of bones and a human skull were in it. The steward went over at once, but as he approached and saw the bones he clutched at his breast and fell. Poor good old fellow! His heart was getting weak.'

I had only one thought: for the sake of Sybil, who was completely prostrated by the sudden end of her friend of many years, to keep the whole story from the world. Never should she learn that the man to whom she had given her trust and her affection was in truth the murderer of her husband. 'For obviously,' as I said to myself, 'I have no irrefutable proof anyhow.'

With all haste I proceeded stoutly to affirm, as an authority on the Far East, that the bones must have been brought with the vase from China, and later on in that terrible day I learned from Sybil that the steward had been Erhardt's illegitimate half-brother. The knowledge made his crime more terrible, but also more comprehensible. He felt himself the better man, entitled to his share in the family estate and the property.

'THE GALILEO OF MARES' NESTS'

BY ROBERT GRAVES

From the *Spectator Literary Supplement*, December 15
(London Conservative Weekly)

Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso is a convenient tag for the occasion. It is not a purely personal matter to recall how once a family friend sent me a guinea to reward some slight success at a public school. I wrote gratefully in return that I was spending my guinea on books. This evidently pleased him, for later he inquired kindly, and in person, what books I had bought. I told him *The Notebooks of Samuel Butler*, *The Way of All Flesh*, by Samuel Butler, *Erewhon Revisited*,— I had *Erewhon* already, — and Butler's *Humor of Homer* essays. From the gleam in my benefactor's eye I soon knew that the unprofitable servant who laid his talent in a napkin had done very, very wisely compared with me. I was not unprepared then for a re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mark by a prominent member of the school staff that *The Way of All Flesh* was a book that no gentleman would read.

This bitter feeling against Butler was not an idiosyncrasy of this family friend, usually a very liberal judge of contemporary work, nor of this public school master, but the general opinion of a considerable group of critics and writers who flourished at the end of last century and the beginning of this new one. Let us attempt to discover why, remembering that these have been ten years of constant change of heart all round; while I regard Butler with much of my original warmth, it is for very different reasons than those of 1913. The *Spectator* has certainly not stood still, though it is still *Spectator* enough to allow my Horatian tag, and there will be few of its readers who can still dismiss Butler as a conceited, irritable, immoral, ignorant, and half-insane buffoon, as was the custom in many quarters until recently. Butler was writing books until his death in 1902, losing money on every book: *Erewhon*, published anonymously as far back as 1872, was almost the only one that paid its way, and on the rest, as Butler's account shows, he lost over one thousand pounds.

His life was a curious one. Born in 1835 in a Nottingham rectory, the son of a headmaster of Shrewsbury School, afterward Bishop of Lichfield, he went to Cambridge and was about to be ordained, after some months of work among the poor in London, when he came to have doubts about the efficacy of infant baptism and declined to take orders. He sailed to New Zealand in 1859, where in five years' time he made sufficient fortune from sheep-farming to enable him to spend the rest of his life quietly in Clifford's Inn, London, and there, except for brief holidays in France, Italy, and Sicily, he remained till his death, adventurously opening new countries of the mind, as he had once in New Zealand opened the new sheep-grazing country beyond the ranges of which we read in *Erewhon*.

Of these mental adventures he himself writes: 'I am not one of those who have traveled along a set road toward an end that I have foreseen and desired to reach. I have made a succession of jaunts or pleasure trips from meadow to meadow, but no long journey, unless life itself be reckoned so. Nevertheless, I have strayed into no field in which I have not found a flower that was worth the finding: I have gone into no public place in which I have not found sovereigns lying about on the ground which people would not notice and be at the trouble of picking up.'

Butler had a few good friends, leisure, and, except for one short period, no economic anxiety; he had access to the British Museum, where he usually spent the greater part of his day; he had finally a well-stocked and well-balanced mind and a deadly thoroughness in pushing any inquiry in which he was engaged to its extreme limits. His chief hatred was smugness and his favorite quotation the Homeric line, 'Above all things, I hate the man who says one thing but hides another in his heart.'

He could not suffer fools either gladly or sadly, and seldom realized that the people who, he thought, should have accepted his views could not afford to do so because their academic or social position, or their source of income, or similar very powerful and complex interests were inextricably bound up with the view he was challenging. Each failure to be understood he felt keenly, though trying to disguise it, and his way with the eminent thinkers of the day recalls that of the Irishman in France. '"*Parlez-vous français?*" says I. "*Oui, monsieur,*" says he. "Then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I. "*Pardon, monsieur,*" says he. "*Parlez-vous français?*" says I. "*Mais oui, monsieur,*" says he. "THEN LEND ME THE LOAN OF A GRIDIRON," says I. "*Comment, monsieur?*" says he. "COME ON THEN!" says I, and with that I struck him in the eye.'

After dealing out a few such blows in the eye, Butler at last despaired of the intelligence of his contemporaries, and from his fine strategic position at Clifford's Inn began his assault on posterity; he desired, he said, not immortality, because he did not intend to be a bore, but a good threescore-and-ten years of vicarious existence. In his diary he made out a list of his achievements up to 1899 to support the claim, and a strangely contrasted list it is. Butler, reading it through, adds: 'I suppose it was this list that made Mr. Arthur Platt call me "The Galileo of Mares' Nests."'

He puts science and philosophy first. Historically, Butler's books on the great evolution controversy are very important, as he was almost the only writer to attack Darwinism from any other than the Book of Genesis standpoint; he was a neo-Lamarckian, and held that Darwin, with whom he had personally quarreled, was not only absurdly wrong in ascribing so much importance to natural selection as a factor of development, but mischievously deceitful in the exposition of his scientific observations. *Luck or Cunning? Life and Habit,* and *Evolution, Old and New,* though somewhat put out of date by the newer developments of Mendelism, are not to any extent denied in their scientific principle: and for the clearness of their English and the sweet malice of their polemics are to be read with the same enjoyment as Whistler's *Gentle Art of Making Enemies.*

Whistler and Butler, though their views on art were not sympathetic, had much in common, particularly in their bantering style. Butler, we may notice, cared nothing for style as such. He had bitter things to say about R. L. S. and Pater and Matthew Arnold — 'Mr. Walter Pater's style is to me like the face of some old woman who has been to Madame Rachel and had herself enameled' — and only valued writing which was straightforward and studied the convenience of its reader.

Besides his philosophic-scientific writings, among the most important of which is his little-read *God the Known and God the Unknown,* Butler could claim to have contributed notably to Shakespearean, Homeric, and Biblical criticism. His edition of the Sonnets comes nearer than any I know to making them read intelligibly as a story. The strange *Authoress of the Odyssey* theory, which is the one that most infuriated Butler's own generation when they discovered he was not joking, rests on arguments which have never been controverted, and that not because they were unworthy of controversion. *Fair Haven,* an essay on the events of the Crucifixion, is a reasonable, reverent, and most unusual treatment of familiar history, well illustrating Butler's remark about picking up sovereigns in public places.

Butler was a painter — he exhibited at the Royal Academy — and a good deal of his criticism was research into the history of art, rediscovery of forgotten sculptors and painters, and allotment of unknown works. Butler was also a musician with a strange doglike attachment to Handel, in whose honor, with the collaboration of Mr. Festing Jones, his biographer, he wrote a comic operetta, *Narcissus,* which is now regarded as a first-class musical *jeu d'esprit.*

Butler was also a poet, and as such will be remembered, if not for his sonnets, at any rate for his *Psalm of*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Montreal, which the *Spectator*, to its great credit, first published in the seventies. Butler was also a humorous essayist and an aphorist. Of his *Humor of Homer* collection and *Notebooks* the world will not soon tire.

Butler was lastly a novelist; his two *Erewhons* and *The Way of All Flesh* play a very important part in the history of the modern novel. Was there ever another *Johannes factotum* whose work was as consistently distinguished as Butler's? I doubt it, and yet Butler's actual achievements often do seem to me less important than the manner in which they were achieved. His age needed not a Juvenal to lash its vices, for it was a progressive age singularly free from the more glaring and violent vices; it needed an *enfant terrible* to shy a few stones at its club windows and ask a few awkward questions in its drawing-rooms.

Butler was the child for the task; his stones smashed many panes and his example smashed many more. His questions vexed many a drawing-room, and he was duly slippered by the critics and sent out through the door. He continued at the keyhole, and his fate was not so horrible that other children did not press his questions and shout them in the street; the beginnings of most contemporary movements toward freedom of opinion on religion, æsthetics, or philosophy can be traced to Butler. To give a single instance, I do not remember seeing it noted that Butler in *Erewhon Revisited* as good as prophesied the psychoanalyst; he looked forward to the time when crime and illness should be interchangeable terms; and the 'straightener' was to be a man to whom patients confessed their delinquencies and who undertook to cure them. This must have read grotesquely in 1872; but to-day there is a rush to the psychoanalyst for confessing the most horrible morbid tendencies, and instead of holding up his hands in horror the straightener undertakes quite calmly, and usually, I may add, quite ineffectually, to cure these.

Butler foresaw his success with posterity and took care to curb any possible excesses of admiration. He has a message both for his generation and for ours in the following from the *Notebooks:* —

O critics, cultured critics,
Who will praise me after I am dead,
Who will see in me both more and less than I intended,
But who will swear that whatever it was it was all perfectly right;
You will think you are better than the people who when I was alive swore that whatever I did was wrong,
And damned my books for me as fast as I could write,
But you will not be better; you will be just the same, neither better nor worse,
And you will go for some future Butler as your fathers have gone for me.
Oh! how I should have hated you!

There follows a plea to the 'Nice People' — who will be sick of him because the critics thrust his genius down their throats — to neglect him, burlesque him, boil him down, do whatever they like with him, but 'do not think that if I were living I should not aid and abet you.' That is characteristic of the man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAH JONGG AND THE IDLE RICH

BY WILLIAM BOLITHO

From the *Outlook, December* 8
(London Semi-Radical Weekly)

Games, like women's fashions, are better clues to an epoch than its laws and statesmen. Impossible without white wigs and long suits of ombre to make a clear image of the endless brightness of the eighteenth century; and ping-pong and leg-of-mutton sleeves are necessary helps to our hazy memories of the beginnings of this century. To-day the unmistakable marks of post-war Europe are shingled hair and Mah Jongg. Our great-grandchildren will no doubt imagine our times, however they judge them, when their world was made for them out of this jumble of Relativism, Communism, Reparations, and ruined Exchanges, in a vivid mental picture of thin, elegant women with close-cropped hair, playing a Chinese game, by shaded electric light, just out of hearing of the throb of saxophones, to while away the revolution.

Mah Jongg has sprung too suddenly into vogue for anyone to have remarked precisely the direction from which it came: whether from China eastward, crossing to Europe with millionaires on the Transatlantic, as most believe; or whether, as a more romantic story has it, it reached England direct, through an irony of certain mandarins. An English merchant, this legend says, saved three Chinese clients from a bandit general in Peking. In gratitude, he was offered either a thousand pounds' worth of silk or an initiation in the 'secret and noble game of Mah Jongg.' He chose the silk, but longed to satisfy his curiosity as well. The mandarins consenting, he was taught the delectable mystery — and on the first night lost the value of the silk he had been given.

However it arrived, Mah Jongg was predestined to beguile the boredom of Europe's post-war rich. Its exotic complications, which fit the atmosphere of high stakes which somehow surrounds it, and the luxury, outshining any mere playing-cards, of its hundred and thirty-six ivory and bamboo inlaid pieces, fit exactly into the mood of the present-day millionaires of Paris, Berlin, and Moscow. They are survivors of sudden death and protégés of sudden, dazzling chance. It is a game to suit profiteers, merchants of various breeds, *schieber, valuta hyenen, pescicani,* — however the have-nots like to call them, — whose life has been topsy-turvy and romantic, and whom the marvelous changes of past years and the redoubtable possibilities of the future inspire with a sort of poetry, made of fatalism and surprise. So the element of chance, their only friend, heads the attractions of Mah Jongg.

Its winds, dragons, blue circles, and stylized green bamboos, its queer little black characters, and the quaint flowers that give such illegitimate advantages, are in the mood of the age that has discarded kings and queens, as well as hearts and spades, and lives mysteriously.

There is a savory pleasure in the power to Pung, to Chow, and to Kang, for a class that has not much learning. And if one of the players is a 'dreamer' out of his turn, what strange emotions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he may have in contemplation of the tiny red-lacquer walls of China that hold up his tiles, and into which his partners seek for the breach — enduring relics of more lasting times! In his play for a pure or an impure hand, he finds strange meanings in the tiles; the east wind from which the game blows looks like a small bird perched on the mast of a twisted junk; the north wind, two cobra heads and the sword that lopped them. In certain moods, and when news comes of another shaking of the economic spillikins on which he has builded, certain of these little tokens take on a more sinister look — the hollow-cheeked little dice are images of hunger; he sees green dragon as a grinning face from the crazy east where Russia lies, with moustachios that bristle with hatred, more for his like than the conventional aristocracy he has displaced; the blankness of white dragon is odious; and red dragon is then more than a meaningless sign: it is a subtle Chinese heart, pierced with a doubtful dagger.

Everywhere in Europe where the newly rich are collected in palace hotels, they play Mah Jongg nowadays after the Bourse is closed, and the game eases and betrays their preoccupations at the same time. I have seen rich speculators play it in a wonder hotel in Düsseldorf, where the sound of shots outside punctuated the runs; and they still counted the insidious points that mount up like Fate, wrapped in their game. Ordinary luxuries are not strong-tasting enough for these days, and for such people the perfumes must be concentrated and from far away. Revolution is waiting.

But here in London, where they play Mah Jongg even more, the game seems different. It has no decadent hothouse flavor. It is a game like the others: an innocent craze, not a symbolic gesture. It is played by solid citizens whose riches have nothing adventurous. Though they still pull the moon out of the sea and hold the four winds of the round, yet they do it awkwardly, smiling apologetically at being so mixed up with poetry, and keep the points low. As London plays it, the watcher — who never dared interrupt the picturesque players of the Continent — dares to inquire about the rules. Then he may learn that, behind all the decorations of strange terms and surprising suits, Mah Jongg is not an entirely new game, even in Europe, but has the elements of many old-fashioned ones, some of them very homely. The blue, red, and green, in a Gloucester Place drawing-room, are innocent colors after all, and the sinister significance of their mixture in the one of circles may stand for a childish garden, as well as for the mosaic court of a casino. He may even suspect that with thirty-four fanciful suits, instead of four, Mah Jongg is comically like Old Maid, or any of the kindred games which pass the evening away before bedtime in country rectories. Bamboo and ivory are solid materials, and when their elders are tired of it, this decadent amusement of Europe's weary and desperate gamblers may live on for years in those innocent hands from which it almost seems that the Chinese inventors took the idea. Instead of being played in arctic silence, amid splendors of glass and gold, in the shadows of tragedy, it will be spread out of its broken casket on a homely table, under a country oil-lamp, and be an excuse for putting off bedtime.

Children's games, after all, are the only lasting immortality for many high things. The Battle of Waterloo is now the name and inspiration of a rough pastime for boys; Guy Fawkes's plot is an excuse for fireworks; ceremonial sacrifice survives in Europe only in kissing-games. Our present bitter sorrows of Europe will leave their clearest trace, perhaps, in some such curious way.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE COWLÈD APE, OR PRETTY POLLY'S PRIDE

BY E. H. VISIAK

[*London Mercury*]

We had an ape aboard ship,
Was come from Barbary,
That with a gaudy parrot
Consorted merrily.

The gaunt and withered monkey
Was pretty Polly's pride;
But when he mowed and muttered,
She clawed hold on his hide.

And so for a protection
An old sail we unbent,
And made a hooded covering,
Which served our good intent.

The cowled and monkish mantle
From crown to lean shank fell:
If 'chance he walked in moonlight,
'T was like a monk of hell.

Upon a grislier feature
The bright moon never gleamed:
A dusky ghoul, or mummy,
Becloaked in canvas seemed.

Now, one night came a pirate —
Her sails as white as may:
She raked our masts and rigging,
And mowed our men like hay.

Our flag, as smitten blossom,
Fell fluttering from the tree,
Which toppled in a tangle,
And draggled in the sea.

Poor Polly in the tempest,
The iron hail, the reek,
From spar to spar lamented
With many a dolorous shriek.

She cursed, she swore, she cackled,
She clawed a yardarm bare;
And many a moony feather
Was floating in the air.

And when no haven offered,
Nor perch, nor brooding nest,
About the monkey circling,
She vented her protest.

But he, far other matters
Revolving, was intent:
Within the hood she darted,
Her wonted tenement.

Alone above the bulwarks,
The cowlèd ape appeared:
The rogues rowed off to board us
Where that white figure reared.

The monkey by the gangway
Stood gibbering at the moon:
The pirate cox'n hallooed,
But ceased to halloo soon!

He sat up in the ship's boat,
And stiffened as the dead;
His bright eyes in the moonlight
Were starting from his head.

He raised his crooked finger;
And all sat staring soon —
Aye, every bully pirate
Was staring like a loon.

And while the clouded moonshine
Grew dim as in a wood,
The parrot came and lighted
Upon the monkey's hood.

She screeched — a rending shrill
screech;
And back to ship they rolled
As they had never hasted
For galleons full of gold!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ERRANT CONTINENTS

THE theory that the great continents are, practically speaking, afloat in the earth's crust, which was put forth during the war by the German scientist, Dr. Alfred Wegener, Director of the Oceanographical Survey, has received striking confirmation from the report of last summer's Danish expedition to Greenland. After the most careful astronomical measurements, the leaders of the expedition assert that the distance between Europe and Greenland has increased about a kilometre during the last half-century.

Professor Wegener's theory, enunciated as it was in war-time, at first attracted little attention outside of technical circles in his own country. After the peace made it possible to link up scientific relationships again, the English journal, *Discovery*, published a popular account of it, and later his book on *The Origin of Continents and Oceans* was translated into English. The article from *Discovery* was reprinted in the *Living Age* of June 10, 1922.

Briefly Professor Wegener's idea is that the continents are moving westward, the denser masses 'floating' as it were through the less dense masses which support them. Fantastic as this appears at first sight, it is supported by a number of facts, the most obvious of which are the tendency of isolated extremities to point eastward — the southern extremities of South America and Greenland are examples; the development of mountain ranges like the Andes and the Sierras on the extreme west coast where the pressure on the moving mass is greatest; and the tendency of islands to get left behind on the east, as is the case both on the eastern Asiatic and the eastern American coast.

The theory is further supported by the peculiar way in which the west coast of Africa corresponds to the east coast of South America, and also by relationships between the animals of the two continents, both living and fossil. These zoölogical relationships have long been known, but scientific men have sought to account for them by summoning still other continents from the vasty deep — that is, by assuming that at certain periods in the earth's history portions of the sea bottom were raised to connect continents now separate. The theory has found friends in scientific circles, the latest of whom is Professor Otto Baschin of Berlin, who describes it in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*.

Professor Baschin discusses Wegener's theory in the *Berliner Tageblatt* also, where he is at pains to remind his readers that doubt has been cast on the accuracy of the earlier measurements of the varying distances between Greenland and Europe. These were made in 1823, 1870, and 1907, when methods of measurement were not so accurate as they have since become. The earlier observations show an increase of 420 metres in the distance between Europe and Greenland during the 47 years between 1823 and 1870, but an increase of 1190 metres in the shorter period between 1870 and 1907. The increase discovered after the latest observations nearly corresponds with the latter, although the intervening period is still shorter.

However faulty the first observations may have been, they at least indicate a consistent westward movement; but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Munich astronomer, Dr. Burmeister, reminds too sanguine supporters of Dr. Wegener that astronomical measurements also reveal a northward movement of the North American Continent amounting to five metres in seventeen years, which hardly accords with the general westerly movement called for by Wegener's displacement theory.

✽

INTERVIEWING SACHA GUITRY

WRITING in the London *Daily Telegraph*, Auriol Barran describes a visit to Sacha Guitry, who imparted to her — in the slightly vague fashion customary with popular favorites of the stage — some of his views on the theatre. Neither actors nor managers nor playwrights — and M. Guitry is all three — ever run out of views. When his interviewer asked him how long it took him to write a play, Guitry replied: 'Five years.' This was rather surprising, because Guitry, who has written fifty-six, is nowhere near two hundred and eighty years old; but, having produced the desired impression, the playwright condescended to explain: —

'I work very fast, then I put it aside. Later on I have another look at my manuscript, correct and recorrect, then put it away again. Then sometime, when I feel in the mood, I produce the document out of my drawer and go through it until I am entirely satisfied. At the moment I am working on a play which I have had in hand for a long time without being able to make any headway with it. I don't know how long this will last.'

'Is it true,' I said, 'that you work in your bathroom and write a number of your plays at meals between courses?'

'Ah! *On doit me croire bien bête*,' he answered. 'It would no longer be literature, but sport, and I am not sporting at all. I beg you to contradict all those foolish rumors, stories without foundation; for people must think me very stupid.'

Having described his methods of writing, Guitry presented his recipe for success: —

'There must not be too much realism on the stage. I don't approve of an actor who makes his entry with mudstained boots because he is supposed to have been out walking in the rain. The theatre is a recreation, an amusement. People put on evening dress, or at least make themselves tidy, to go there. One should present pretty scenery and dresses, and not too many sordid realities; the public frequents playhouses to forget its worries and to be amused, not to be harrowed or haunted by ugliness.'

It is interesting to think back through some of the Guitry successes, both those which are genuine art and those which are not a great deal better than trash, and to see how neatly, ranging from *Pasteur* down, they all fit this formula.

The glimpse into the Guitry workshop which Mlle. Barran gives is worth quoting: —

I was ushered into a sort of large studio, with an immense lace-curtained window. Several valuable antiques composed the furnishing of the room. Emerging from this frame of lacquer tables and a Coromandel screen I caught sight of the great 'Sacha Guitry' seated beside a large old-fashioned fireplace, surmounted by a tall mantelshelf. He was dressed as I imagined him, in a long black-satin wadded coat-dressing-gown, with grass-green leather slippers and a soft white rolled collar.

✽

ITALIAN ART IN PERU

THE Italian colony in Peru, whither, as to many other South American States, Italians have migrated in numbers, has presented a gallery of Italian art to the city of Lima. The new building stands in the Parque Neptuno, facing the wide Plazuela del Exposicion, surrounded by a grove of trees some thirty years old.

The gallery, which is built of re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enforced concrete, is very small, covering only about eight hundred square metres, but it is a very beautiful piece of architecture, and admirably suited to its purpose. It is the work of Gaetano Maretti. The collection of paintings, sculpture, and other objects of art which it is to house has been selected by Mario Vannini Parenti.

Besides originals, the gallery contains a good many reproductions of Italian masterpieces. Among them are Donatelli's sculpture from the pulpit of the Milan Cathedral, a doorframe reproduced from the Cathedral of Florence, and a reproduction of the pedestal supporting the famous Lion of San Marco. Crowning the façade and over the main door are reproductions of Michelangelo's Night and Morning.

There are four galleries, two with indirect lighting. The works of art represent a wide range both in subject and in school, illustrating the history of Italian art as well as its modern tendencies.

✽

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

Aromatics and the Soul is the piquant title of a new book by a certain Dr. Dan McKenzie. The book is none other than a philosophy of smells — gathering and classifying the olfactory impressions of various cities of the world, which offer, if not an attractive, at least an interesting, subject.

One might think it difficult to hit a single olfactory note characteristic of an entire city. In New York — to take but a single example — Fifth Avenue is certainly on an odorous plane quite different from the East Side. But to the supersensitive nostrils of an 'aromatic' specialist like Dr. McKenzie these miracles are possible.

His summary of the smells of the world is worth quoting: —

Twenty years ago it was faintly acid, with a mixture of horses and harness; today it is a mixture of tar and burned lubricating oil, by no means so pleasant. Paris is one half wood smoke, one quarter roasting coffee, and one quarter drains. Rome is a city of candles and incense, mingled with the dry mustiness of crumbling skeletons. In Edinburgh you encounter the smell of old Scotland, and in Glasgow damp soot strangles with the smell of the Broomielaw for the mastery. As for Dublin, it mingles the warm rich aroma of Guinness's Brewery with the cold smell of a corpse from the Liffey. The list may be supplemented from other sources. The smell of Arabia has been described by Mr. Kipling as 'camel,' and by Sir Ernest Shackleton as 'rancid butter.' It was Sir Ernest who described the odor of China as that of 'moth-eaten centuries — probably due to the length of time the country has lived and the lack of disinfection.'

The *North China Herald* complains that though 'moth-eaten centuries' may sound poetic it 'hardly covers the whole gamut of smells in China,' where, as anyone who has ever visited the East knows only too well, the number, intensity, and variety of the odors defy classification even by the gifted author of *Aromatics and the Soul.*

✽

THE VIRTUES OF OLD MUSIC

M. Adolphe Boschot, a well-known Parisian musical critic who frequently writes both for the *Revue Bleue* and the *Écho de Paris*, describes in the latter journal the progress that has lately been made in rendering available the extensive violin literature of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. All the world knows to what good purpose Fritz Kreisler rummaged in the dusty past of musical Vienna, but M. Boschot insists that beautiful though forgotten pieces still await the lucky man who will take the trouble to discover them: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Sonatas and suites in great number and of incontestable value were written for the strings in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Here is an admirable hoard of music — which people are just beginning to bring to light and life — for violinists and cellists and for amateurs who take an interest both in the music and in the instrument of their choice.'

The eighteenth century, blessed with composers like Vivaldi, Locatelli, Geminiani, Vitali, with instrument-makers like Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and Amati, and with executants like Corelli and Tartini, could hardly fail to be a profitable hunting-ground for modern lovers of the violin. The French critic insists, however, that there is more here than mere matter for the musically erudite. 'There is little music that has so kept its charm, its freshness, and its youth. There is little music that, like the old suites, is alive in the exactness of its rhythm, and above all in the beauty and expressiveness of its melody. Some are inevitably less happily written than others, but, except for the part that must necessarily be discarded, those that can hold our attention at all are of the first order. To go back to the old sonatas is to go back to a musical rejuvenation.'

M. Boschot is especially insistent that Tartini shall be remembered as something more than the composer of the Devil's Trill. 'He is more than this. He is a great composer who, although the form in which he writes may "date," reveals in his musical thought a startling modernity.'

Fascinating though these old masters may be, there is one difficulty in bringing them to life: in their manuscripts they have troubled to write down only the cello or the violin part. The accompaniment is rarely more than a figured base, sometimes of the scantiest description.

✽

DISCOVERING A PLAY BY CHEKHOV

THE private safe-deposit boxes and Government archives forced open in Russia by the Soviet Government have yielded so much treasure-trove that it seems hardly reasonable to ask for more. The Isvolskii revelations were pearls of great price to students of international affairs, and the Dostoevskii manuscripts, although they may not add greatly to the genius's artistic stature, at least fill in a hiatus and make the man more comprehensible.

To these riches, however, the Literary Section of the *Narkompros*, or Ministry of Public Education, has added the manuscript of a new play by Chekhov. Together with the play were discovered a number of letters and a history of medicine in Russia, all found in safe deposit when the Soviets nationalized the property of the dramatist's heirs.

The play, which is without title, fills about two hundred and sixty pages of rather large handwriting, bound up in eleven thin manuscript volumes. The text has had three revisions from the author's pen, and has been abbreviated in some places and rewritten in others. It evidently antedates the beginning of Chekhov's fame as a dramatist, and is probably the one referred to in the biography by his brother, who declares that the dramatist wrote, as a student, an ambitious theatrical performance, now lost, which had in it 'a railway train, horse-thieves, and gypsies lynched by peasants.' The newly discovered play corresponds with this description.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

The Prospects of Industrial Civilization, by Bertrand Russell in collaboration with Dora Russell. London: Allen and Unwin, New York: Century Co., 1923.

[*New Statesman*]

THIS book is a big advance on Mr. Russell's previous ventures into the field of social prospect and prophecy. It is less hot-tempered, and its judgments are more calm and considered. We say this, not out of disrespect for his previous work in this field, but out of enhanced respect for what he has now written. For *The Prospects of Industrial Civilization*, while it makes no claim to finality of judgment, is an exceedingly stimulating book, which will set men thinking fruitfully about just those problems which it is most urgent for all the world to think about to-day.

We say 'all the world'; for the scope of Mr. Russell's survey is essentially international. He has grasped firmly hold of the fact that industrial civilization as a whole will stand or fall together. It is a question of salvation or damnation, not for Germany or France or Great Britain alone, but for the whole group of countries which have based their civilization on modern industrial methods. And, at the present, whatever apparent differences there may be between bankrupt Germany and bloated America, all industrial civilization at present is heading for the abyss. The war and the internationalism of the market have not made the world more international in any creative sense; they have only shown that civilization cannot survive unless nationalism and imperialism give way to a real comity of peoples.

The first part of this book is mainly a study of tendencies at work in the world to-day, of the two forms of nationalism, self-determination and imperialism; and of the two forms of industrialism, Socialism and Capitalism. Mechanistic forces, dominating all these, are, Mr. Russell holds, strangling the life out of civilization. He believes that things must be worse before they can be better, and that our problem is how to use the forces at our disposal so as to make in the end a Socialism which shall be also internationalism. Of the two, he regards internationalism, at least in the negative sense of preventing wars, as the more urgent; for, if we go on fighting, civilization will perish. This applies also, in his view, to the Marxian idea of achieving Socialism by universal class-war; for such war will tear the world to pieces, and leave nothing for Socialism to conquer. Unification and pacification seem to him the first needs, and he discusses the various possibilities of achieving them — through the domination of the world by America, through a real unification of Western Europe, through the success of the Bolshevist experiment in Russia. Some of Mr. Russell's shots are rather wild; but he sets his readers to think, and to think hard.

The Nations of To-Day: Japan, Italy, France, British America, Yugoslavia, Great Britain. Edited by John Buchan. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1923. $5.00 a volume.

[*Saturday Review*]

OF this series, the subtitle of which is 'A New History of the World,' we have received the first six volumes above enumerated. Each contains the same General Introduction by Mr. Buchan, who is named as editor, though we are informed by a note that all of these six books were compiled or prepared under the care of Major-General Lord Edward Gleichen. The object of the series, we are told, is to furnish the ordinary citizen with a popular history of his own and other nations, and to present, in Mr. Buchan's words, 'a chronicle of these movements of the past of which the effect is not yet exhausted, and which are still potent for the peace and comfort of the present.' The object is excellent, but we question whether it has been quite adequately attained. The phrase, 'potent for the peace and comfort of the present,' has its appeal in these distracted times, but what peace and comfort is there in such a sentence as occurs in the volume on Japan: 'Great Britain now holds her Far-Eastern colonies, the great commercial depots of Hongkong and Singapore, entirely on the sufferance of Japan; from either she could be ousted as speedily as Germany from Kiaochow'?

While in the main these books do supply the information they profess to give, they are of very uneven value. 'Japan' is written entirely by Professor Longford, who undoubtedly has a competent knowledge of the subject, as various other works of his attest. But the other five volumes of the series are on a different plan; each of them is written by several hands. For instance 'France' has a Preface by M. André Tardieu, an introductory essay by Mr. Belloc in characteristic style on 'The Land of France,' a history of the country down to 1871 by Mr. Arthur Hassall, a section on the Third Republic by the late Mr. Moreton Macdonald of Largie, a chapter on Military Operations by Sir Frederick Maurice, and further chapters by about half a dozen other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authors. It was almost inevitable that there would be a certain inequality in the work of such a big team, and there is. The same criticism applies more or less to the remaining four volumes. The books are very well produced, and the maps are good.

The New Way Series. (1) **The New Liberalism,** by Ramsay Muir; (2) **The Budget of 1933,** by W. T. Layton; (3) **Why I Am Not a Socialist,** by the Hon. R. H. Brand; (4) **Houses for All,** by E. D. Simon; (5) **Property and Inheritance,** by Henry Clay; (6) **The Ebb and Flow of Unemployment,** by D. H. Robertson. London: Daily News, 1923. 6*d.* each.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE *Daily News* has performed a valuable service by reprinting, in an attractive form and at the reasonable price of 6*d.* apiece, a selection of the addresses delivered last summer before the Liberal Summer School at Cambridge. The rainbow hues in which these slim little volumes are decked symbolize the variety of the topics treated and the diversity of the temperaments of the distinguished authors. The white light of Liberalism is, as it were, broken up into a spectrum, ranging from the infra-red of Mr. Brand's attack on the follies of Socialism to the ultra-violet of Mr. Clay's attack on the 'sacredness' of the rights of property. 'The New Way Series' is not electioneering literature, but a contribution to the development of Liberal thought, which will repay study now that we have leisure to turn again to less urgent issues.

Persian Women and Their Ways, by C. Colliver Rice. London: Seely Service and Company, 1923. **21s.**

[Arthur Moore in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

HAVE you ever thought of the dark storm of natural human jealousy that must rage in the hearts of Eastern women, whose husbands frequent European society and meet European ladies on terms of equality?

These reflections have been stirred in me by reading *Persian Women and Their Ways,* by C. Colliver Rice, an extremely well-illustrated book which contains a vast deal of information on the subject that gives it its title. There are plenty of details given to make up a picture of the life of a Persian *khanoum,* or lady, as well as of the lives of the working women. Their life is far from easy, and the making of the far-famed beautiful Persian rugs is but too often a sweated industry. Mrs. Rice touches on the difficulties that can rise between the three or four wives of a man's bosom, and hints how it is possible to break up the unhappy home.

But I have looked in vain for recognition of the Persian lady's jealousy of the Western woman. Mrs. Rice clearly believes that Persian women are turning to their Western sisters with hope, and long to sit learning at their feet. But I am not so sure. The Persian woman is often a power in her home. Many husbands go in fear not only of the shrewish tongues but of the sandaled slippers of their wives. And in such contact as it has been possible for me to gain with the realities of the feminine Mussulman world, the most authentic note of passion I have listened to was on this subject of the shameless Western woman.

Pencillings, by J. Middleton Murry. London: Collins, 1923. **7*s.* 6*d.***

[*Sunday Times*]

THEY are called by their author 'little essays on literature,' and their littleness is such as Cowley would have loved. Mr. Murry has ere now written more ambitiously, but not with greater charm. We would vote him, save for a solitary but astonishing lapse from good taste, the golden pen of which he dreams. His book, this single blot excepted, should conduce to learning's popularity. It chaffs the writers of 'incomprehensible' literature, puts Congreve in his rightful place, spares a sigh for Stephen Phillips, explains why unpleasant characters in fiction do not repel us as in real life they would, and introduces us to the delightful Curé of Wangs.

Pleasantest of all, perhaps, is 'Dr. Johnson and the Swallows.' As Mr. Murry watched the swallows one morning, 'one of them plunged clean into the sun, flamed into nothing, was reborn like the Phœnix, and scattered gold from its new-fledged wings.' Now why should these exquisitely graceful creatures remind him of the anfractuous Doctor? But they did; and our advice is, buy the book and learn the reason.

❦

BOOKS MENTIONED

BUTLER, SAMUEL. *The Shrewsbury Edition of Samuel Butler.* In 20 volumes. London: Jonathan Cape, 1923. £21.

WEGENER, ALFRED. *Die Entstehung der Kontinente und Ozeane.* Braunschweig: Vieweg und Sohn. Second Edition, 1920. Translated as *The Origin of Continents and Oceans.* New York: Dutton, 1922.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

STUDIES OF THE FOREIGN PRESS

I. The British Press — *J. St. Loe Strachey*
A London Editor on English Journalism

II. The Italian Press — *A German Correspondent*
How Cultural and National Sentiment Conflict

PETROGRAD PAST AND PRESENT — *Arthur Ransome and A. E. Hein*

THE COMING ELECTIONS IN FRANCE — *Denis Gwynn*

MOULDING THE INFANT MIND IN RUSSIA

A VISIT TO BERNARD SHAW — *Siegfried Trebitsch*
The German Translator on the New Play

BUILDERS. *A Yugoslav Story* — *Alojz Kraigher*

MR. BENNETT AND MRS. BROWN — *Virginia Woolf*
The Present State of the English Novel

A YARDSTICK IN THE HEAVENS — *William J. S. Lockyer*
Measuring the Stellar Universe

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

The Living Age
Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find *$5.00 for my subscription to the Living Age for one year beginning .....

Name .....

Address ..... *City* .....

*Foreign postage $1.50 extra; Canadian postage 50c extra

1-26-24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Book of First Aid Towards the Solution of a Public Enigma

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

A CONTEMPORARY ESTIMATE

By EDWARD ELWELL WHITING

Excerpts from the Chronology
With pertinent quotations from Mr. Coolidge's writings

1880-1891—*At School*

"Civilization depends not only upon the knowledge of the people, but upon the use they make of it. If knowledge be wrongfully used, civilization commits suicide."

1915—*Again President of the Massachusetts State Senate*

ENTIRE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"Honorable Senators: My sincerest thanks I offer you. Conserve the firm foundations of our institutions. Do your work with the spirit of a soldier in the public service. Be loyal to the Commonwealth and to yourselves. And be brief; above all things, be brief."

1919-1920—*Governor of Massachusetts*

"The lessons of the war are plain. Can we carry them into peace? Can we still act on the principle that there is no sacrifice too great to maintain the right?"

1923—August 2. *President of the United States*

"Of course we look to the past for inspiration, but inspiration is not enough. We must have action. Action can only come from ourselves; society, government, the state, call it what you will, cannot act; our only strength, our only security, lies in the individual."

Mr. Whiting knows the President better than any other newspaper man. Eminently readable, judicial in tone, fair in statement, discriminating, this book will need supplementing as events accumulate in coming years, but it will not be superseded. — *Boston Herald.*

Illustrated. $1.50

At All Booksellers, or

The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, Mass.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS,
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

L.A. 1-26-24

Gentlemen: I enclose $1.50 for PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED